HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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EARLY SETTLERS ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR may be had for the years 1880, 1881, and 1882. Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published January 2, contains Part I. of a charming Christmas Fairy Tale by MRS. W. J. HAYS, *with a front-page illustration by* ALFRED FREDERICKS. *There is the usual installment of the serial story "Nan," by* MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *with an illustration by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD. MISS SOPHIE SWETT *contributes a delightful short story, entitled "A Brand-new Year."*

The attention of the boys is especially called to "Learning a Trade," by JAMES OTIS. *Part II. of "A Castaway Ambassador," by* JAMES PAYN, *concludes this picturesque and thrilling story of marine disaster.*

To the art work of this Number MISS JESSIE MCDERMOTT *contributes four illustrations, accompanying* MR. OTIS'S *article, and a charming full-page made up of holiday scenes from "The Toy-shop Windows."*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	Per Year	$1 50
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A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

NEW STORIES BY WILLIAM BLACK AND MARY CECIL HAY.

The number of HARPER'S BAZAR *published January 5 will contain the opening chapters of a brilliantly illustrated serial story, "*YOLANDE,*" by* WILLIAM BLACK, *and of a sparkling novelette, "*BID ME DISCOURSE,*" by* MARY CECIL HAY.

THE HOUSE IN RECESS.

THE recess of the House will not have been wasted if it shows members that the feeling of the country was not exhausted by the autumn election. However it may appear in the obscuring atmosphere of Washington, there is a public determination that some reform shall be accomplished. However sure Republican leaders may be that the country will never intrust its welfare to the residuary legatees of the old pro-slavery, reactionary, Kentucky-and-Virginia-resolution Democracy, and however confident Democratic leaders may be that they are on the eve of a restoration, the fact remains that nothing is certain but the strict scrutiny which both parties are undergoing. Democrats who regard the result of the late elections as a Democratic victory wofully deceive themselves, and Republicans who think that the discontent will blow over are inviting party defeat. No American who believes sincerely in popular government had ever more reason to feel his faith justified than by recent events. For it is evident that when no vital national issue is imminent there is a body of voters, large enough to control the election, who will require something more than the party certificate of "regularity" as a reason for supporting the party. The especial point of scrutiny at this time is the debate upon reform in the civil service, a topic which was promptly introduced in both Houses at the opening of the session, although it has been deferred in the House of Representatives until the Senate should have taken action.

There is one remark which has been made in the Senate during this debate which we trust will be effectually disposed of should it be repeated in the House. It is the assertion that the whole debate raises a great wind about a very little matter; that while grave and important questions demand the most careful consideration, Congress is squandering time upon the method of appointing fourth-grade clerks in the departments. This is an attempt to belittle the whole subject as unworthy the serious attention of Congress. Now if the only question were of the manner in which the thousands of subordinate employés of the government should be selected, it would not be a subject undeserving the attention of a representative body which appropriates millions of dollars of the public money for the compensation of such employés, nor would it be a despicable subject to the people who are taxed to raise those millions. But unless the corruption of politics, the degradation of the public service, dishonest elections, the total perversion of the function of party, and the practical exclusion of the people from the control of the government are matters too contemptible for the attention of Congress, there is no public question which is so vital and important as that which such statesmen as VOORHEES and BROWN and PLUMB try to ridicule. Of that question Mr. HEWITT, of New York, one of the most intelligent and able of the Democratic Representatives both in this and in the next Congress, wrote on the 25th of October, 1882, as we stated last week: "Unless the system which now prevails of appointment to office, and of organizing the office-holders into a ring for keeping themselves in office, shall be reformed, our system of free government will be destroyed, and the generation which permits such a calamity to occur will prove that it is unworthy of the privileges which it received from the fathers of the republic." These words are the echo of those which were spoken by the greatest statesmen fifty years ago, when the abuses which are now known as the spoils system became the accepted practice of the national government. It may seem very undignified for the captain and crew of a stately man-of-war to devote themselves to stopping a little hole in the side of the vessel. But through that little hole the ocean is making its way, and will sink the ship. Patronage and bribery of votes were the means by which the contest for liberty between the English crown and the English people was carried on in Parliament after it ceased to be a conflict of arms in the field; and patronage, or the personal and political system of subordinate employment, which Messrs. BROWN, VOORHEES, and PLUMB think too petty a matter for Congressional attention, degrades an American election from an honorable contest of differing policies determined by free argument before the people into a fierce and desperate struggle for the vast emoluments of minor place.

The real scope of reform, therefore, is not limited to the details of the public service. It is not a question merely of more or less knowledge among employés, or of the relative merits of a competitive or pass examination. These are all means to an end. They are the fuel under the furnace. But without watchfulness in the hold the vessel will not move, and there will be no voyage. The late address of the National Civil Service Reform League to the voters states the purpose and scope of the movement:

> "It proposes the restoration of political parties to their legitimate function as organized agencies of the popular will, the overthrow of government by patronage, the emancipation of the suffrage and of the press from a corrupt personal servility, the elevation of the standards of political character and service, and it proposes to accomplish these results by means which will place the transaction of the public business upon a business basis, open the public service to all the people, restore the self-respect of the public agents, and promote, as nothing else can promote, the cause of popular education."

It is by their disposition toward this reform that the two parties are now to be tested. Thus far the Democrats have lost ground in the debate. In the Senate, while admirable speeches for reform have been made by eminent Democrats, such as Mr. BAYARD, Mr. BUTLER, Mr. GEORGE, Mr. JONES, and others, the active opposition has been Democratic. In the House, the test of fidelity to the cause will not be support of some apparent measure of reform like the KASSON bill, but of a bill which, having passed the Senate, needs only the assent of the House to become a law to which the President's approval has been promised. Those Representatives who sincerely desire to yield to the reform sentiment of the country will support a measure which that sentiment approves. There need be no supposition that that sentiment has blown over, or is going to blow over, in any other sense than that of blowing over the party that opposes it. The deep and persistent distrust of the Democratic party still remains, and defeat of reform by Democratic tricks and machinations will array the whole independent vote against the Democratic party in the election of 1884, because it would be clear that in the event of success that party contemplated a "clean sweep," to which the country will not consent. On the other hand, the Republicans are responsible for legislation, and defeat of reform will go far to make Republican success in 1884 impossible.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND, of New York, enters upon his administration under peculiar and trying circumstances. He was elected by the largest majority ever cast for a Governor. He is a Democrat, but his election, as he knows, did not signify confidence in the Democratic party. It was a rebuke of the management of the Republican party as careless of its traditions and of the purpose of a great body of Republicans. In a word, Governor CLEVELAND'S election was a declaration of political independence, not of party preference. But he, nevertheless, is a Democrat. His few speeches since the election have shown that he comprehends the situation. He has been wisely reticent. Amid conflicting rumors, no intimation of his purpose has been traced to him, and the new year ushers him upon a scene where his sagacity, his courage, his tenacity, will all be severely tried. His own party is torn by an old and fierce contention. Each Democratic faction will watch with jealous suspicion every act of the new Governor, who will be conscious also that the great independent Republican body, which directly or indirectly promoted his election, will scan curiously his course.

If the Governor be a man of political comprehension and insight, he will undoubtedly perceive that the political situation is exceptional and transitional. Parties cohere, but the reason of parties has disappeared. There are no fundamental principles of government, no measures of administrative policy, upon which parties are divided. There are Democratic protectionists and Republican revenue reformers. Both parties demand a revision of the tariff, reduction of taxation, and economy of administration. There is no distinctive Republican or Democratic financial policy, or Indian policy, or foreign policy. Both parties demand reform, interpreting the word at their pleasure. It is an era of personal politics, and such an era always implies the disappearance of actual political division. Personal politics are always malignant, and when they are paramount there is inevitably great bitterness of feeling. This is obvious now. The sharpest conflict is that of factions within the parties, not of the parties with each other. In such a situation an extreme partisan position is unwise, and the true course for Governor CLEVELAND would be to show himself an independent Democrat. This course would draw upon him the abuse of the party organs; but at a time like this such abuse is merely dumb barking. Executive ability combined with courageous independence would secure the public confidence, and the Governor has doubtless learned that there is a popular judgment quite distinct from that of professional politicians.

In nothing will the Governor's conduct be scrutinized more closely than in appointments to office. The terms of a great number of the most honorable and most desirable State offices will expire within a short time after the inauguration, and there are three Railroad Commissioners to appoint under the new law. If the offices controlling large patronage should be filled by mere Democratic politicians, and if other officers, especially managers of charitable institutions who serve without salary, should be removed solely for party reasons, the facts would be carefully noted and remembered to the extreme disadvantage of the Governor. It is a sound rule which Presidents MONROE and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS observed in the national administration, and which Governor THOMPSON has just followed in South Carolina, to re-appoint meritorious officers. Without exception Governor THOMPSON has re-appointed all the five or six hundred State officers whose terms had expired. They were, indeed, of his own party, but the expiration of a term is generally held to be sufficient reason for a change of the incumbent. In South Carolina, however, without regard to legislative delegations and recommendations, every officer who desired a re-appointment has been continued, unless he were ineligible or incapable. Of this wise course the Charleston *News and Courier* says—and its words are worthy of Governor CLEVELAND'S attention as those of the leading Democratic journal in the Southern States:

> "Possibly officers of average merit will be retained when men of higher capacity could have been obtained. But the effect will be most salutary in the long-run. There will be more care than usual in filling vacancies when it is realized that the appointee is likely to remain in office for an indefinite time. And those who desire a change in the offices must come prepared with proof of unfaithfulness or incapacity. It will be a happy day when it is a settled fact that the only non-political offices to be scrambled for at an election are those where the prize is awarded by the vote of the people at the polls."

PRESIDENTIAL "INABILITY."

AMONG the important recommendations in the President's Message is that which refers to the method of ascertaining the vote for Presidential electors, and the intention of the Constitution in devolving executive functions upon the Vice-President in case of the inability of the President. The last subject especially is suggested with great pertinence by President ARTHUR, whose conduct during the total executive disability of his predecessor was most admirable. The peace of the country lay wholly at his discretion, and nothing could have been more patriotic or wiser than his demeanor. If in the middle of August, 1881, when it was perfectly well known that President GARFIELD was absolutely incapacitated for the proper discharge of any official function, the Vice-President had announced that in his judgment the inability contemplated by the Constitution existed, and that he should act as President until in his judgment the disability should be removed, the whole country would have been thrown into confusion. But who could have demonstrated the unconstitutionality of such action? Who could feel sure that, if a man like General BUTLER were Vice-President under such circumstances, he would not take precisely this course? The country owes President ARTHUR a cordial recognition of his prudent, moderate, and patriotic bearing when he might have pleaded the plain words of the Constitution for revolutionary action.

It is in harmony with his conduct at that time that the President proposes to Congress to remedy the dangerous omission of the Constitution and the laws in regard to this provision. It is in no sense a party question, and a simple and sensible arrangement should not be difficult. But there would be such apprehension that in some way party advantage might be derived from it that adequate legislation can not be fairly expected. It is none the less desirable, and negligence or failure to consider the question will be scored against this Congress. The avoidance by Con-

gress of all such legislation, which strengthens the foundations of the government and secures its smooth working, is one of the evils that spring from the party system. The public welfare, as an object independent of party advantage, is disregarded. No more pitiful illustration of the stupefying and belittling influence of mere party spirit as applied to a great public question could be found than the recent speech of Mr. WILLIAMS, a Senator from Kentucky, upon the PENDLETON reform bill. The only reform that is wanted, said this statesman, is a clean sweep of Republicans. This spirit, which contemplates nothing but the possible mercenary profit of a party, is the precise spirit against which WASHINGTON warned his countrymen.

The importance of the other suggestion of the President, that of providing a satisfactory method of settling the Presidential election, is emphasized by the situation six years ago at this time, when the country hung upon the edge of civil war, and was saved mainly by the vivid recent experience at that time of what civil war means. The failure to provide a remedy for the startling omission of the Constitution to define its intention is one of the justest reproaches of the Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses. The subject has been thoroughly discussed and considered. Able reports have been made upon it, and satisfactory bills drawn, but the fear that some party would somehow gain some advantage has produced the usual paralysis, and nothing is yet done. Experience has disclosed a state of things wholly unforeseen by the country when the Twelfth Amendment, which assumes to regulate the matter, was adopted. The discretion of the Vice-President, the decision between contesting certificates, the procedure in case of challenge of a regular certificate—indeed, all the details upon which the continuous peaceful operation of the government depends are not authoritatively defined. The dangers arising from the omission have been revealed. The necessity of proper legislation is demonstrated. It would avert a vital peril which overhangs every Presidential election. But the WILLIAMS wisdom of statesmanship will probably again prevail, and the country will proceed to the election of 1884 in the happy-go-lucky faith that Providence takes care of the United States and drunkards. Senator VEST, of Missouri, is very much troubled by the press and platform criticisms of public men. But if he wishes to silence it, he could not do it more effectually than by persuading the Senate to pass Mr. HOAR's bill providing for the succession in case of the death, disability, or removal of both the President and the Vice-President, and Mr. EDMONDS's bill for determining the electoral vote, and by introducing an adequate bill defining the method of determining Presidential inability.

THE PASSAGE OF THE PENDLETON BILL.

THE passage of the PENDLETON bill by the Senate is an important event in our political history. It is the first practical legislative step toward the correction of abuses of administration involving dangerous consequences which are plainly perceived and universally acknowledged. It is a measure which, should it become law, will overthrow the aristocracy of patronage and spoils, and open the public service to all the people. It will not, indeed, purify politics at a blow. There will still be corruption and demagogism, and no good citizen can put off his armor of diligent watchfulness and effort. But it is not an argument against sanitary regulations that they do not abolish disease, nor against penal laws that crime still continues. It is no reason for refusing to try to improve a situation that still further improvement may be possible. The passage of this bill by the Senate is a prompt response to a public demand unmistakably expressed at the autumn election, and it is a significant sign of the immediate influence of sound public opinion upon legislation.

The vote as recorded was 39 to 5, and there were seven pairs, making the actual vote 46 to 12. Of the 46 affirmative votes 29 were Republicans, 16 were Democrats, and 1 was independent. The 12 negative votes were Democrats. The 16 affirmative Democratic votes were all from the Southern States. The bill was adopted substantially as it was prepared by the New York Civil Service Reform Association. Many amendments intended to weaken and cripple it were rejected, and Senator HAWLEY's stringent prohibition of assessments by officers of the government, including members of Congress, an admirable amplification of the original bill, was adopted. The bill now goes to the House, and, as we say elsewhere, its defeat there would be a serious blow to the party responsible for the defeat.

The awakening of public sentiment which has produced this great result is largely due to two very different events—the murder of GARFIELD and the assessments of HUBBELL. Last spring Mr. HUBBELL issued his circulars as a matter of course. The storm that followed showed how truly the public mind attributed the murder of GARFIELD to the spoils system. The result was impressive. Before the year ended the action of HUBBELL had been condemned by the Supreme Court, and the Senate of the United States had unanimously made it a penal offense. The history of the year upon this subject exhorts every friend of wise progress to trust the people, and never to despair.

THE "BYSTANDER."

WE see with pleasure that Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, who has returned from England, begins with the new year a new quarterly series of the *Bystander*. The title is peculiarly appropriate for a man who views public affairs and comments upon them with the conviction that party is an evil of which modern political society is mature enough to disembarrass itself. But as a practical observer and critic the *Bystander* accepts the actual situation, and it has already established a reputation for vigorous, incisive, and sagacious criticism and suggestion.

The *Bystander* will be the most independent of Canadian journals, and as it covers the whole range of Canadian interests, it will be for outsiders the best source of general information. It holds that the English connection is unwise, and that independent citizenship is better than dependency, the true position for England being that of the mother of free nations. Meanwhile, of course, it will judge questions by the established system, without failing to show where another system might work more advantageously.

The editor's singular fitness for his task is well known, and if so much literary and historical accomplishment and ability, already displayed in valuable works, are not to be concentrated upon the history of some great epoch, it is most fortunate that they will be devoted, partly at least, to the elucidation of our own time. The field of the *Bystander's* observation is the world, and it is watched by no acuter eye.

"DR. GRIMSHAWE'S SECRET."

THE publication of HAWTHORNE's posthumous romance, *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, is a most interesting literary event, and the interest is enhanced by the simultaneous publication of his notes and sketches for the work, the extraordinary record of the process of its construction—a record without precedent in literary history. The idea of the tale was long in his mind. Like a ghost it haunted him, and he felt himself bereft of the power to lay it by letting it have its way. The fitting treatment of the theme constantly eluded him, and as his son, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, the editor, points out, he taunts himself with his singular inability to achieve the work which he was yet conscious must be accomplished.

The result of a struggle so microscopically observed and recorded in detail will be studied with intense interest. The romance as published is a consecutive tale proceeding steadily from the opening to the close. It is characteristically powerful, and the "uncanny" play of the great romancer's imagination was never more fully displayed. The characters are few, as usual with HAWTHORNE, but they are definitely bodied forth, and across the dark plot flash and glance those rays of sweet and perfect sunshine which are no less native to his imaginative world than its more habitual lurid gleam.

It is evident, however, that although the tale is continuous and in a sense complete, it is not in the form that HAWTHORNE would have finally given to it. The earlier part and portions of the later part are carefully and perhaps to the author satisfactorily elaborated, but he would doubtless have gone over the whole, modifying and more clearly developing his intention. The story is a romance, and not what is now understood to be a novel. In one of the notes HAWTHORNE states this fact distinctly, and nothing could be more different from the usual novel than *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*. That the author might not have published it in its precise present form is not a reason that this tale should have remained unknown. It is the nearly finished picture of a great master, in which his characteristic genius is fully displayed, and which lacks only some of the final touches which would have heightened and refined, but not essentially have changed, the effect.

INCREASE OF ILLITERACY.

IN a late address in New York, Mr. EATON, United States Commissioner of Education, stated some interesting and suggestive facts:

"The colored persons ten years of age and upward unable to write, as returned by the late census, number 3,220,878, or a number equal to the entire population when the original thirteen States were united under one form of government. The foreign white population of ten years of age and upward unable to write numbers 763,620, and the number of native white persons of the same age unable to write is 2,225,460. The total number of persons of ten years and over in all the States unable to write is 6,239,958, showing, as compared with similar figures from the census of 1870, relatively a gain of three per cent. in intelligence, but an absolute gain in the number of illiterates of 581,814, in spite of all the educational activities of the intermediate ten years."

Of schools and the attendance upon them, Mr. EATON says that

"there are 48 law schools, with over 3000 students; 120 medical schools, with 14,000 students; 364 universities and colleges, with 60,000 students, and that there have been bestowed during the past ten years $61,000,000 by private individuals for educational purposes, and that there are 9,000,000 children in attendance on public schools, and an expenditure of $80,000,000 for their conduct. But we must look on the reverse side. New England now has only one college student to every 167 families, while twenty-three years after the first settlement there was one university graduate to every forty families. And against the school attendance there is the non-attendance of 5,000,000 children throughout the country. To furnish these with sittings would cost $100,000,000; an addition of 30,000 teachers, whose preparation would cost $1,000,000, and whose pay for a single year would be $9,600,000; or to supply the non-attending children with house-room and teachers would cost $110,000,000. In our cities we have the best teachers, houses, and method; but, with all these advantages, about two-fifths of the children of school age do not attend school."

Mr. EATON proposes that Congress shall aid the struggling efforts for education in the States and Territories. The constitutional warrant of the power to Congress to afford such aid is, in the opinion of the trustees of the PEABODY fund, undeniable. A committee of the trustees, composed of Chief Justice WAITE, Mr. EVARTS, and Mr. A. H. H. STUART of Virginia, holds that the constitutional right of Congress to contribute to the education of citizens of the States is *res adjudicata*. There are innumerable laws for the purpose, and their constitutionality has never been questioned. The PEABODY trustees state that the United States have granted to the State of Minnesota alone lands for the purpose of education which have a money value of nearly $20,000,000. Congress has granted an enormous area of land for the aid of railroad enterprises, and whatever has been granted to aid education has received general approval. The question is not of constitutional objection, but of the best method of applying the aid. The bill of Mr. SHERWIN, reported last May, withholds further aid from any State which shall have misapplied any part of such a grant. But misappropriation can not be readily proved. This is not an insuperable difficulty, indeed, but it is a difficulty. The need and the desirability of a wise and practicable method of dealing with illiteracy are obvious, but aid should be given in a way to stimulate State effort, and this we understand to be the purpose of the SHERWIN bill.

THE HAND OF THE GREAT STATUE.

THE illustration upon another page of one of the hands of the great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which is to be erected in the harbor, will renew the reader's interest in that patriotic project. The subscription proceeds actively, and it is to be assumed that the American welcome of this significant gift will not be less generous than the French offer. With characteristic national modesty we might well have hesitated to present ourselves to the world as the genius of liberty. But when an ancient nation and a friendly republic offers us the prodigious compliment of erecting in our chief port, the thronged gateway of the continent, a figure typical of Liberty enlightening the world, as especially appropriate for us alone among nations, it is a tribute to which we can not fail to respond. The details mentioned in the article accompanying the illustration are very interesting, and the generous subscription which the ample hand invites will be a noble beginning of the new year.

PERSONAL.

IN the death of ALFRED ESCHER Switzerland has lost her most influential statesman. For twenty-five years he was the leader of the Liberal party. One of his great achievements was the origination of the St. Gothard Railway, which by his perseverance and courage was carried to completion.

—Of the late Mr. HENRY JAMES the Rev. Dr. BARTOL in a note writes: "To one who sarcastically criticised a paper of his at the Radical Club, defending the supernatural in the Gospel story, he, with a sharpness of marvellous humility, replied, 'Yes, I must confess I am an abject Christian.'"

—Mr. JOHN R. BUCHTEL, of Ohio, has sold $200,000 worth of stock in the Buckeye Works in order to make an additional gift of $100,000 to Buchtel College. The gift will be formally tendered on January 18, the anniversary of the founding of the college. In addition to this, Mrs. L. A. E. MESSENGER, of Akron, has added a gift of $25,000 to Mr. BUCHTEL's endowment, and it is said that other large gifts are to be made that will swell the total to about $250,000.

—The Rev. GEORGE GORDON, of Greenwich, Connecticut, has been called to the pastorship of the Old South Church, Boston—one of the "softest," as it is one of the most historical, pulpits in the United States. The salary is $8000 a year and parsonage. Mr. GORDON is a Scotchman, thirty years old, and unmarried. He worked his way through Harvard, overcoming many obstacles incident to poverty, and graduated with high honors. President ELIOT speaks of him as one of the most remarkable graduates for many years.

—The late JAMES S. PIKE, of Calais, Maine, after bequeathing life-estates to his wife and daughter, divided the bulk of his property for the establishment of a free library and reading-room on the old PIKE homestead, which is given for that purpose, and for distributions of food and fuel by the Ladies' Benevolent Society among the poor who have not been paupers.

—The King of Siam has recently invited young Mr. LEONOWENS to Bangkok, giving him the appointment of "Grand Master of the House," with a residence and large salary. It will be remembered that Mrs. LEONOWENS was the English governess of the King in his youth.

—The original manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," as written by JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, is now in the possession of an elderly lady in Athens, Georgia. The words of the poem as first written are all interlined, with here and there an endearing expression from the writer to the lady who now holds it, to whom in the old days he was devotedly attached, and who has many of his letters. She has been offered a large sum for the manuscript.

—Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, on retiring from his professorship at Harvard, received the following pleasant greeting from London *Punch*:

"Your health, dear 'Autocrat'! All England owns
Your instrument's the lyre, and *not* 'the bones.'
Yet hear our wishes—trust us they're not cold ones!—
That though you give up bones, you may make old ones."

—Once in a way a pleasant "personal" crops out from Connecticut. Thus it is said that recently at a meeting of the Congregational Club at Hartford the Rev. NEWMAN SMYTH presented some of his theological views, upon which the good brother who followed him said: "The advanced ground taken would compare with that of an architect who should now propose an improvement in St. Peter's at Rome by the addition of fifty bay-windows."

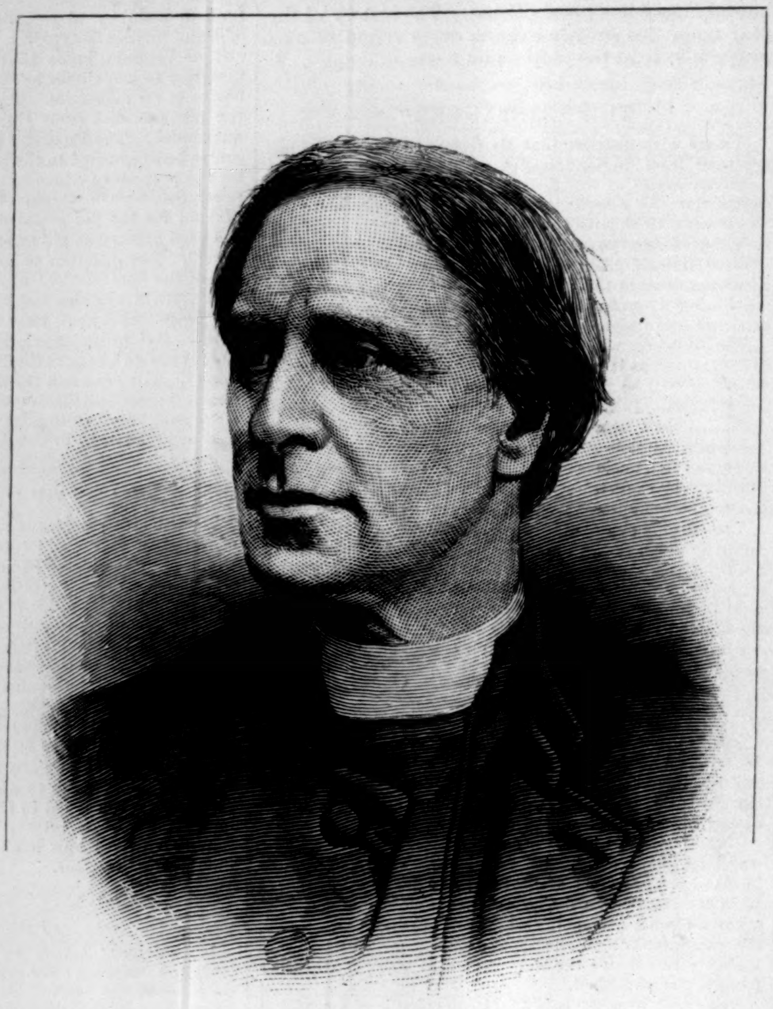
—Governor PATTISON, who has just seated himself in the Executive chair of Pennsylvania, is the youngest man who has ever been Governor of that State. He is only thirty-two years of age. He is the nineteenth Governor, and the only one not a native of the State. The next youngest on the list was WILLIAM BIGLER, who was inaugurated at the age of thirty-eight. The longest-lived of them all was JOSEPH RITNER, who died at ninety.

—JAMES MCMILLAN, an opulent citizen of Detroit, has purchased the Shakspearean library of E. H. THOMPSON, of Flint, Michigan, and will present it to the Michigan University. This is said to be the completest and largest private Shakspearean collection in the world.

—The Archbishop of York has a playful way of alluding to the red-letter days of his career. Chatting recently with some brother bishops, he said, "My first preferment came to me at the birth of my first child, a bishopric on the birth of my second, and my archbishopric on the birth of a third." "Well," said Bishop WILBERFORCE, with a twinkling eye and bland tone, "we must hope that Mrs. THOMSON will not put you in the way of any further promotion at present, for there are but two more translations open to you—Canterbury and heaven—and you are not yet fit for either, I fear."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Mr. Gladstone has made an appointment to the vacant archiepiscopate of Canterbury which will most likely be satisfactory to all England. Though himself a High-Churchman, he has selected a representative of the Broad-Church school, the Rev. Edward White Benson, Bishop of Truro, in Cornwall. Dr. Benson is one of the younger bishops, having been consecrated in 1877, when the see of Truro was created out of Exeter. According to the rule which prevails in regard to all the new dioceses, he has not heretofore been a member of the House of Lords. For this reason he is less known to the world than the occupants of the ancient sees. Before his appointment to Truro he was Canon of Lincoln, and also Chancellor, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth. Bishop Benson has always held high rank as a scholar. At Cambridge he obtained the highest honors both in the classics and the mathematics. In 1852 he graduated B.A., in 1855 M.A., and was made Doctor of Divinity in 1867. He has also done service as tutor in Rugby School, and was Head-Master of Wellington College from its opening till 1872, when he became Canon of Lincoln.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The career of Archbishop Tait has made it indispensable that the Archbishop of Canterbury of this generation should be a man of vigor. He himself said, during his last illness, "The Church and the world seem entering on totally new phases." Archbishop Tait was a man of prodigious working force, and we may be well assured that Archbishop Benson will not be a man of negations. The appointment is a recognition of the Church theory of the Broad school—a theory which, though never formally accepted, has shaped the opinions of Stanley, Maurice, and other Churchmen less known to fame. Dr. Thomas Arnold, who, if not its author, was its earnest advocate, held that the Church and the state are identical, that the Church is the state performing religious functions, and that the Church of England properly comprehends all the Christian people of England. No theory of the Church is a better corrective of bigotry; and when it is held, not in the sense of doctrinal indifference, but in the form of a tolerant charity, it greatly smooths the path of an English bishop. Dr. Tait showed that he was well aware of the fact that the Church of England is a harmony of opposites, a reconciliation of contradictions, and that opposing schools of theology may draw nourishment from its Articles and Liturgy. And it seems probable, from all we know of the new Primate, that he will administer in much the same spirit.

Officially the Archbishop of Canterbury is first peer in England, ranking next to the princes of the blood. His style and title are "Primate of all England and Metropolitan." An English authority informs us that "at coronations it is his duty and privilege to place the crown on the sovereign's head; and wherever the court may be, the King and Queen are the proper domestic parishioners of the Archbishop." His diocese of Canterbury embraces Kent, with one or two points in Surrey; his province, twenty-two dioceses. He has two palaces for residence, Lambeth and Addington, and a yearly revenue of £15,000. As to patronage, he has the nomination to over a hundred and eighty livings.

THE HAND OF "LIBERTY."

The sketch which we publish in this number will enable our readers to understand, better than any description could, the mode of construction of the remarkable statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which is being prepared in Paris for presentation to the city of New York. M. Bartholdi, the ingenious and daring designer of this statue, is already famous for the skill with which he has handled colossal subjects; for apart from the genius necessary to form a grandiose conception of such a work of art as that with which the friendship of the two great republics of the world is to be celebrated, there is required no small amount of mechanical knowledge to bring it to completion. The resources of modern mechanics render this a matter of comparative certainty. The sculptor is no longer required to perform such prodigies of labor or to undergo such agony of suspense and fear as those described by Benvenuto Cellini in his letters, recently published, containing an account of the casting of his "Perseus" and "Medusa." But though the artist of to-day goes about his task with confidence in its accomplishment, the erection of a statue of more than 155 feet in height—not counting the pedestal—to stand in an exposed situation, unsheltered by adjacent structures, is decidedly the most gigantic enterprise of its kind.

The work is now going on in the yards of Messrs. Gaget, Gauthier, & Co., in Paris. The hand which the drawing represents will be 5 mètres (16 feet 5 inches) in length; the index finger will be 2.45 mètres (a trifle over 8 feet) long, with a circumference at the second joint of about 7 feet 6 inches; and the nail of this finger will present a surface about 13 inches by 10. These figures will give some idea of the enormous dimensions of the statue. Those who have a liking for other means of calculation may be interested in knowing that the whole statue (without the pedestal) will overtop the famous Vendôme Column more than nine feet; that in the head forty persons can assemble, and in the torch at least a dozen more. The statue, as is well known, is to be hollow, and is to be literally "built" of plates of hammered copper nine-tenths of an inch in thickness. The method of construction, which is partly to be divined from the drawing, is curious and interesting. The first essential was, of course, the "sketch model" of M. Bartholdi, which was what may be called life-size, being 6 feet 7 inches in height. This was the basis of the measurements, which, however, were twice multiplied. It was first magnified four times, and reviewed and remodelled by the artist. It was then divided into sections, which are reproduced four times larger yet, with the greatest possible care. Models in plaster of the final and definitive size are made in the vast yards. The workmen first sketch the general form in frames of wood covered with laths, and re-covered with a coat of plaster. They then verify the principal measurements thus established, and finish the modelling of the surfaces and the details. When a course is finished, joiners take the forms by means of planks cut in *silhouette* to fit the form of the plaster.

These are then so arranged together as to form a species of imprint of the parts to which they have been applied, and make what are technically termed *gabarits*, or wooden moulds, into which the hammerers press the copper sheets by the pressure of levers, or by beating with hammers. The copper is then finished by beating with smaller hammers or rods, outside and inside, to conform closely to the lines of the forms desired, which have been taken in detail by means of sheets of lead pressed upon the model. The workman in doing this part of his task places himself directly before the plaster models, and compares every part as he proceeds with the utmost patience and exactness. This done, the separate pieces are carried to an immense court to be placed together, and fixed upon a powerful frame-work of iron, which supports what may be called the entire envelope of the statue. When the statue is removed for transportation, it will be taken apart in more than 300 pieces. Its entire weight will be some 450,000 pounds, of which over 200,000 pounds will be copper, and the remainder the iron frame-work.

The workshops and yards of Messrs. Gaget, Gauthier, & Co. are thrown open to the subscribers to the statue, to witness the process of construction, on Thursdays and Sundays of each week, and the pupils of the School of Fine Arts are also admitted free. Those who are not subscribers can obtain admission by purchasing an engraving of the monument, which is sold for the benefit of the work, in all sizes and states of perfection, from those costing ten cents only to the elaborate representations of the various parts. The place is much frequented, particularly on Sundays, which is the Parisian holiday for all sorts of diversions, from sight-seeing to a revolution. The great yards are a veritable spectacle in themselves, but the motley gathering of visitors is still more of one. The workmen in their caps and blouses are a noticeable element, and occasionally an impromptu orator will address his chance audience with a glowing eulogium of America in terms which the wandering citizen of this happy land does not always recognize as truthful, and sometimes thanks Heaven that they are not. But the impressionable hearers drink in the praises of the ideal republic with eagerness, and reward the speaker with cries of "Vive la Liberté!" "Vive la République Américaine!" The great work of M. Bartholdi has, moreover, been carefully inspected by many of the sculptors and engineers of the Continent, and has given rise to much discussion as to its probable stability, as well as its artistic merits. The verdict, on the whole, has been one of approval, and there is no reasonable doubt that when it is securely placed on the pedestal which Mr. Evarts's committee is to prepare, it will be a worthy symbol of the generous sentiment to the expression and perpetuation of which it is consecrated.

ENGLISH ETIQUETTE.

The etiquette of visiting in the cosmopolitan society of London is complex, and full of pitfalls. We are admonished that visits should always be brief, and that first visits should be returned at the latest within three days. Royalty pays such debts on the same day they are contracted. If on a wet day we can not command a vehicle, we are to withhold our foot from our friend's house: to enter a room with mud-bespattered shoes is a *bêtise*. A decade ago the Countess of ——, in her obliging instructions on etiquette, uttered the dictum that unless you were a person of consideration it would be presumption on your part to set aside a day in each week to receive visitors; but that is all altered nowadays, and in the season almost every lady has her day at home.

The ramifications of card-leaving are too numerous to detail. Cards emanated from the French, but they use them in a less complex fashion than that which is followed by us. Formerly visiting-cards were left by a footman, who on the arrival of his mistress in town made his round to the houses on her visiting list. This custom has been abandoned, and now all cards must be left in person. We are told that the card must be thin, without glaze, and three and a half inches in width by two and a half in depth. A temporary address must be written, not printed. A husband and wife must never have their names printed on the same card, while, on the other hand, a young lady must not have one for her special use: she must be entered below the maternal name. The inner significance of cards is a study to be thoroughly understood by the idle busybodies of society only. To outsiders or mere transient members of gay circles they are a blank. Only the initiated can tell which end to turn down, when the card ought merely to be doubled, or if it be necessary to bend down more than one corner; also how many it is proper to leave under given conditions. But this, as well as all other matters pertaining to the "vast and vague" mystery of cards and card-leaving, is it not written in the book of eclectic observance?

FRAME-WORK FOR THE HAND OF BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY.

THE NEW DECORATIONS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 11.]

HAIL, THOU NEW YEAR!

Hail, thou New Year! tho' thou hast come so soon,
I'm hardly willing yet to say good-by
To the old friend who lays aside his crown,
And in the grave of Time lies down to die.
I had grown fond of him, and learned to know
The faults and virtues of the dear Old Year;
He brought me many a comfort, many a joy,
Although—ah, yes—he caused me many a tear.

But for the tears, as often as they flowed,
He gave me peace, he gave me smiles again,
And taught me to look upward to Hope's skies,
And see the rainbow gleaming through the rain.
The dear Old Year! He came as merrily
As thou dost come, just twelve short months ago;
And now, because he has grown old at last,
Shall we forget the faithful life? Ah, no!

Thou art a stranger: what know men of thee?
Thy promises may all be fair and bright;
But many a morning dawning cloudlessly
Has brought a weary day and stormy night.
Well, we will welcome thee, ay, trust thee too;
Thy face is fair and young and glad, and we
Will ask a blessing on thy reign, O king,
Till a new year shall take thy throne from thee.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. Robinson,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

FIVE YEARS AFTERWARD.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

THE SECRET OF THE MURDER.

"This is Peter Spikins?" she said, addressing Fladge without moving her head.

"Yes, that's 'ee," said Fladge.

"Asleep?"

"Oh no; wide awake and looking at 'ee," cried Fladge; "he's rare and lively a bit now. Aren't 'ee, Spikins?"

Spikins, with apparent difficulty, winked one eye, and this was evidently intended to convey an answer in the affirmative.

"What do you want with me?" said Miss Brake to the invalid. "What do you think you can tell me that I should be glad to know? See, I am here at your wish."

Mr. Spikins did not appear to be particularly struck by this appeal, or by the honor of Miss Brake's company that evening, after all; or he might be considering whether her address was not a little peremptory, for he did not respond to her, although his eyelashes quivered a little, and the eyes began to open more, and stare at the stained ceiling above his head, as if in rapt admiration of two bloated flies there.

"Dumb?" asked Miss Brake of the younger man.

Fladge croaked forth a feeble little laugh of his old double-knock pattern, and said—

"Oh! he'll talk enough soon; the old 'un takes time to come out of his sleeps—an awful time—always," was the slow, jerky answer, and without looking at his questioner.

"I am in no hurry. I will wait for him," said Miss Brake.

"He won't talk many times longer, anyhow," said Fladge, with a second laugh still less hilarious than the preceding; "he's a main bit weaker—half a corpse, or more, already. Ain't you, Peter?"

Peter winked, or blinked, both eyes now; but that might have been as an expression of dissent on this occasion, for the shaggy white eyebrows were lowered ominously over them.

Fladge took no heed of this, but went on with singular disregard of any feelings which Mr. Spikins might possibly happen to possess.

"The doctor says this is just about the end of him—and time it was. He's been a rare noosance the last four year or so, they say; and they'll be glad enough when he's stowed away for good. I sha'n't."

"You like him, Fladge?" said the visitor.

"He's been kind to me; he's let me stop here and talk to him, poor old devil," said Fladge, "and hide away from Mr. Woodhatch, and Greg Dorward, and all the rest of 'em over yonder. You know—you know."

"Yes, I know."

"And he's been a-worrying about you, mum—dreadful—all the day. That's why I came over to 'ee, you know."

"I know," echoed Miss Brake again.

"He's not up to much, jest now," said Fladge, "but he'll wake all of a sudden and 'stonish 'ee. Oh! he's a rum 'un—you won't mind him, lady, if he goes it overmuch?"

"What is he thinking about?" she asked.

Fladge looked at Mr. Spikins more intently; then suddenly sprawled full length across the bed, and without the least consideration for the old gentleman's lower limbs, reached out two long arms and caught hold of the patient's lower jaw. Then ensued a mysterious operation of some kind, fully explained after Fladge had resumed his monkey-like attitude round the bedpost.

"Quid wrong," explained Fladge; "jest swollering it—that's all."

Mr. Spikins began slowly to munch and mumble his tobacco, and Miss Brake turned to Reuben Fladge as more genial or communicative company.

"Why do you want to hide away from Mr. Woodhatch?" she asked, in allusion to a previous remark of Reuben's; "he is more likely to be your friend than enemy—is he not?"

"No—not any friend to me. Oh no!—oh no!" cried Fladge.

"You and my brother Morris were dismissed together from the farm?"

"Ay."

"Has he not forgiven that?"

"I don't know. He was main hard on me—he wouldn't hear a word," muttered Fladge, his face falling quickly into shadow.

"He was hard on Morris too; but I do not blame him," said Miss Brake; "he had been deceived by those in whom he had put faith. That makes a man—or woman—very hard indeed."

She stared at the little strong-smelling paraffine lamp upon the table by the side of the basin and tobacco, rather than at Reuben Fladge, and for a moment appeared to have forgotten him. It was only when he broke suddenly into a very husky cough that she looked up again.

"There is something more which makes John Woodhatch hard on you," she said; "I, who know him better than you, am sure enough of that."

"He's awful hard," muttered Fladge.

"You had only to say to him, 'Master, forgive me. I am very sorry. I was only a lad, and led away,' and he would not have left you to sink to this miserable plight," said Miss Brake, earnestly.

Reuben Fladge crossed his arms on the round top of the half-upright bamboo bed-post, and hid his face upon them, leaving only his shock head of hair visible to the visitor.

"Ay—that's true," he muttered, "he might 'a done so once, afore he thought so bad o' me—afore he thought I'd killed your brother Morris."

"John Woodhatch thought you did it?" exclaimed Hester Brake, with new interest.

"Ay, and a good many mair than Mister Woodhatch. I don't know why," moaned Fladge, "except I did not like Morris, after he had got me into trouble, and I said so afore he was found dead by the parson's hoose. That's all. That's all I did."

"Have you seen Mr. Woodhatch since that night?"

"Once. And he told me I'd killed Morris—he was sure of it—and he'd have the law o' me, when he could."

"He said as much as that?"

"He did."

Miss Brake looked intently at Reuben Fladge now, leaning forward to peer more closely into his face.

"Did you quarrel with my brother on the night John Woodhatch was—so hard?" she asked, after a pause.

"Yes. We had words, o' course," replied Fladge.

"And you did not kill him?" she asked, sharply.

"I never had the chance," was the sullen answer, "and you ain't come to hear me say I did."

"What am I here for?"

"To hear me say I didn't, s'elp my God," cried Fladge, with sudden excitement, and beating the palm of his broad brown hand upon the bedstead; "to hear old Spikins there tell you who did," he shrieked; "for he knows, *he knows!*"

Miss Brake paled a little at Reuben Fladge's vehemence now, as at a dangerous lunatic's. She was not prepared for this outburst of passion, she might have been even more overpowered by it had it not been for the last words which had escaped the outcast confronting her.

She turned to the bedridden man and leaned over him.

"You know who killed my brother?"

Mr. Spikins was looking at her now. He shifted with his tongue the plug of tobacco into his cheek, and then said, in a feeble treble,

"Yes—I do."

"And that is why you sent for me?"

Peter Spikins nodded.

"Knowing I have pledged myself to the hunting down of my brother's murderer. Knowing that I shall find him some day, Morris's wife and all the rest of them having failed so miserably. Knowing—"

She stopped as the white, thin lips parted to speak. She would not lose a word, at any moment, which this old man, lying at the point of death, might say to her.

"I don't know anything about you—I don't want to know," he piped forth. "It was Fladge told me you were at Skegs Shore. He's been a-watching you a bit; he's followed you from Boston."

"You have been good to me at times," said Fladge, in explanation; "and you've sent me money. And I wanted 'ee to come to Spikins."

"You are uneasy with this awful secret on your conscience," said Hester Brake, turning to the old man again; "it weighs you down at last."

"No, I ain't a bit uneasy," was the slow reply.

"What then?"

"I'm uneasy as to what's to become of me when Mister Woodhatch dies, or goes away. I'm a wonderful age, lady," he whined out; "but it hasn't left me very strong at present. I'm eighty-nine."

"Eighty-eight," corrected Fladge.

"You're a liar, Fladge; it's eighty-nine."

And then Mr. Spikins calmly and deliberately swore at Reuben for contradicting him until Miss Brake touched one of his folded hands.

"You are too old—too near God's end of it—to blaspheme like this," she said, reprovingly. "You have sent for me to tell me the whole truth."

"If you'll make it worth my while—if you'll pension me like," he said. "So much a week, sent regular, *I* want, mum. If it comes in the lump, Fladge or some other rascal's sure to steal it, now I can't run after. Now these d—— legs—"

"Why have you kept this secret to yourself?" asked Hester Blake; "why for all these years have you been silent, in the name of common honesty?"

"I warn't going to be worried at my time of life."

"There was a reward offered, and you are fond of money," she said.

"Dr. Guswitch said any excitement would kill me; my 'eart's got a flabby haction, he says. And it wasn't bad fun," he added, with a sudden shaking of the shoulders in token of considerable hilarity. "To be a-laying here, a-knowing more than anybody else, and a-keeping it to myself too, so nice and quiet; that's what I liked!"

This was a terrible old man, thought Hester Brake; a wreck from Farm Forlorn indeed, and to whom Farm Forlorn had not done much good, or taught much charity. This was another of the failures John Woodhatch mourned over secretly, she thought.

"Well, Spikins, I will pension you," she said, suddenly.

"Not telling Mister Woodhatch, or I might lose his bit o' money. Not that that's much," he muttered; "it's doled out beastly."

"Not telling Mr. Woodhatch till you die," she answered, with a reserve. "Will that do?"

"Yes, that will do. I sha'n't die yet awhile for all that stupid ass, Fladge, says," he added, maliciously; "he's a soft one, he is. A poor lot, Miss Brake—he mustn't hear a word of it, not he."

"It doan't matter to me who killed him," said Fladge, listlessly.

"Oh! you're not a bit curious, you ain't," said Peter Spikins, now quite conversational and lively and ironical, "but we ain't a-going to trust you. I have often told him old Woodhatch did it, just to aggravate him."

"I knew *that* was a lie," growled Fladge; "I wasn't likely to take that in."

"There's more'n me has said it, though, and there's some as think it too, though you don't," Mr. Spikins remarked.

"Them's fools," said Fladge, in reply.

"You get out a-callin' people fools," croaked Mr. Spikins; "get clean out o' my 'ouse, and wait till the lady comes to you at the top of the level, will you? We've business to arrange, and don't want you."

"All right."

Fladge got off the bedside and, with his hands in his pockets, slouched out bare-headed into the night. Outside the doorway he paused a moment, and then began to run his hardest, as if in pursuit of somebody, coming to a full stop at the bottom of the steps down which Hester Brake had descended some little time since under escort of Greg Dorward. Here he stood and listened, scratched vigorously at his shock head, and then slouched back toward Mr. Spikins's cottage again, encountering at the door Miss Brake, who clutched his arm until he winced again.

"See me to my chaise, Fladge; I am weaker than I thought," she said. "I have tired myself out. I am ill."

Fladge shut the door to keep the night air from the lungs of Mr. Spikins, and then, with Miss Brake leaning heavily upon his arm, walked with her along the narrow, uneven path, and up the steps to the high-road. She did not speak to her guide, only breathed heavily, and once looked up into his stolid face as though she fancied for an instant he had spoken to her. But all excitement had vanished from Reuben Fladge, and all interest in the object of her visit apparently had ceased. He was dull and silent; oppressed, perhaps, by thoughts of his own which had come to him with the night air—possibly offended even at Mr. Spikins's utter want of confidence in him.

They went onward to the chaise thus, where the driver was still sleeping peacefully in the summer air with a late dragon-fly buzzing round his nose, and where the knock-kneed pony, with a voracious appetite, was still plucking his hardest at the grass. The moon was rising from the sea, like Venus, and the stars seemed to have grown very large and bright since she had passed there last. The man was aroused, and glad to see the lady whom he had driven from the lodgings near the "Swan"—glad to jump out of the chaise and assist her into it, and then clamber to his own perch and wait commands to go.

At this juncture Fladge came back to himself, took some money which Hester Brake put into his hand, and muttered in a low, deep voice his thanks.

"He is not mad, Fladge, is he?" she asked in a low, excited whisper.

"He's as right as I am," was the confident reply.

"Oh! as you are," said Hester Brake.

"Has he told you?" asked Reuben, eagerly now.

"Yes."

Then the pony was urged into a trot, and away was borne the woman who had bribed Peter Spikins out of a secret he had kept to himself for five years. She sat very silent and rigid in the basket-chaise, thinking over the revelation of the night; but half-way toward her lodgings she showed she was alive to passing incidents by calling sharply to the driver.

"Stop here. Some one is coming down the road toward us," she said.

The man stopped, and Kitty Vanch advanced swiftly to the side of the chaise, and said,

"Oh! my dear mistress, I was afraid something had happened."

"So there has."

"Not to you—no—"

"No accident. I took advantage of your absence to steal away from home, you see," she said. "Step in and sit by me."

Kitty complied with her request.

"Why were you coming this way?" she asked, clutching hard at the hand of her companion. "Did you think if I were in any danger *it* would be found in this direction?"

"I thought you might have gone to Farm Forlorn."

"Why?"

"I can hardly say," answered Kitty.

"I have not been to the Farm," said the mistress, "but for a drive into the open country. Is it late?"

"Yes; it is getting very late."

"I shall be glad when we are at home," Hester Brake said, wearily; then, retaining the hold of Kitty's hand as though she found comfort, or strength, or sympathy by contact with it, the two women were driven back to Skegs Shore.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GUESTS OF THE FARM.

Miss Brake and Kitty Vanch arrived at Farm Forlorn in the afternoon of the following day, and received a hearty greeting from the proprietor. They were welcome guests, and John Woodhatch showed they were welcome. He was at the gate to receive them—a tall, handsome, gray-haired man, who doffed his hat as he came down the garden path toward them, and looked "mine host" to the life. There was a bright smile upon his face also, that took some of the natural gravity from it, as though John Woodhatch were extra pleased that day—which was true enough, for that matter.

For here was the success of one of his schemes—a long, elaborate plan at which cynics and skeptics had scoffed. Here was a very pleasant and satisfactory end to it—or so close upon the end, with everybody working toward it—that he had reason to congratulate himself already on results, he thought.

"After all these years, John," said Miss Brake, as the farmer assisted her to alight from the chaise, "I come an invited guest to Farm Forlorn."

"Is it my fault you have not come earlier, Hester?" he replied.

"Ah! I am not quite sure of that. I have fancied once or twice you were not too anxious I should come," she said, "and with all your kindness to me, not too pressing in your invitations."

"You're a woman of strange fancies, Hester—and," he added, laughing, "you always were, you know."

"Or you have always said so," she replied, looking up into his face with a smile a little forced—a smile that might have hidden pain almost at something he had implied rather than said. "I have been always eccentric in your estimation."

"I don't say *that*, mind."

"But you think it," she remarked—"just as I think you the most eccentric being I have ever known, and have the courage to say it, too, in your own house."

"Bold woman!" answered John, as he assisted Kitty Vanch to alight. "And see, Kitty, it is with a sharp tongue your mistress attacks me on the threshold of home."

"She will allow no one else to attack you, sir," answered Kitty; "for that I can answer."

"Ah! 'tis well to have a champion," said John, leading the way now with Miss Brake upon his arm—"a friend who will fight for our good names, for our credit's sake, when our backs are turned. They are the best of friends, after all."

"Where is the lover?" asked Miss Brake, suddenly and irrelevantly.

"On his way as fast as a good horse can bear him to his lady-love," said John Woodhatch in reply. "I thought he would get to Bleathorpe and back before your arrival. He will be sorry you have forestalled him."

"Have we come too soon, then?" asked Miss Brake, at this.

"No, my tetchy young woman, you have not," answered the farmer, laughing; "but you said about five o'clock, if my memory serves me correctly, and it is now striking four."

"So I am better than my word."

"Yes, and all the better for that," was the dry response.

This half-pleasant banter, indicative of the good feeling existing between Miss Brake and John Woodhatch, lasted the remainder of the way to the farm parlor, which was bright with flowers that breathed a second welcome to them. And standing at the table in a neat brown merino dress, new for the occasion, and to do honor to the new faces which were coming to Skegs Shore, was Mrs. Chadderton, her left hand busy with her snow-white apron, and rolling it up at one corner very nervously, for all the rigid attitude she had assumed.

"This is another friend who fights my battles too, Miss Brake, and of whom you have heard me speak very often; the faithful and true housekeeper of my poor establishment—Mrs. Chadderton."

"Yes, I have heard of Mrs. Chadderton," said Miss Brake, with a distant bow, and taking no notice of a hand half-timidly held toward her by way of friendly greeting. "I hope our intrusion will not trouble you too much?"

"It will not trouble me at all, madam."

Mrs. Chadderton looked at Miss Brake for the first time, and with a stern, grave expression, which might have signified anything, from grim respect to grim defiance. But this was generally Mrs. Chadderton's way; she never smiled, and was not cheerful company. It is doubtful if many people in and around Farm Forlorn, with the exception of John Woodhatch, had been struck by the good qualities of Mrs. Chadderton, and it was certain Hester Brake was not impressed by her, or by the master's flourish of trumpets over her virtues.

"Kitty will have heard of you too, Mrs. Chadderton," said Mr. Woodhatch, not noticing, or affecting not to notice, the frigid greeting between the two; "and you have heard of Kitty Vanch?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Chadderton.

And on this occasion the position was reversed, and it was the housekeeper, erect and stiff, who failed to recognize a little hand which was readily extended toward her, and as quickly drawn back

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

again when no sign of reciprocity of feeling was evident.

"Are there any commands?" asked Mrs. Chadderton of Mr. Woodhatch, after this formal reception of the visitors.

"You will show my friends to their rooms, please," said John Woodhatch, almost with a frown at her, one might have thought, and as if in reproof for her demeanor, "and then I dare say an early cup of tea will not be objected to."

"Very well, sir."

Miss Brake, however, sat down in an easy-chair by the open window, and quickly took her bonnet from her head and disengaged a mantle from her shoulders.

"May I feel that this is home, John?" she inquired, "and be unceremonious and at my ease?"

"I dislike ceremony always," said John, "and this is home to you, or I am disappointed."

"I am too tired to go any further," she said; "let me rest here till the evening, please."

"Yes, and as you please."

She held out her bonnet and mantle to Kitty; she could not or would not see Mrs. Chadderton's movement toward the articles, and then she lay back in her chair, sighed, and closed her eyes. She opened them again widely, though, when the housekeeper said, "If you will follow me, Miss Vanch, I will show you to your room," and until the housekeeper and her companion had departed kept her gaze upon them both. When the door was shut behind them she closed her eyes once more, and put one thin hand suddenly upon the bosom of her dress.

"You are unwell to-day," said Woodhatch.

"I do not feel very strong," she murmured; "but then I am like a child in strength. A little always distresses me."

"What has distressed you since I saw you last?" asked the farmer.

"I don't know. I hardly know," she added, as one who would not wholly commit herself to a false statement, and yet was unwilling to offer an explanation to her interlocutor. "The day is very warm, and coming here seems very strange to me."

"Shall I leave you? A little sleep—"

"No, don't leave me directly," she said; "I want to speak to you before they come back. A few words, if you will."

"Certainly."

John Woodhatch drew a chair to the window also, and sat down facing her. She was a fragile woman without her out-door apparel; the folds of her mantle had disguised her extraordinary thinness, as the bonnet, or its trimmings, had given "tone" to the swarthy-skinned, wasted little face, in which two dark eyes were gleaming. Now in her in-door costume, and sitting there with her walking-cane clutched in one transparent hand, she looked ill and weakly enough—one who required great care to make her way in life even as an invalid.

"So that is Mrs. Chadderton?" she said to John Woodhatch.

"Yes, that's she."

"I can't say I admire your choice of housekeeper," she added.

"You don't like her?"

"No, I don't like her," was the slow, thoughtful reply.

"I am not surprised at it, Hester," he said, lightly, "for you do not take to strangers quickly, and your first impressions are *sometimes* deceptive."

"I should not like her if she were to live till doomsday," remarked Miss Brake. "What a cold, hard face it is!"

"Hers has been a cold, hard life."

"Ah, yes; so has been many a poor woman's," answered Hester Brake; "but one need not look like that. Can you trust her?"

"I have trusted her for many years."

"Don't trust her any longer; rather take my warning, and beware of her," she said, in a hasty whisper.

John Woodhatch regarded his visitor with close attention for an instant, then he shrugged his shoulders, got up from his chair, and laughed again.

"You are the most uncharitable person I ever met, with any claim to Christian charity," he said, ironically; "but then you do not always mean what you say, Hester Brake, and so I forgive your hard words."

"I have not asked your forgiveness," she said, abruptly, "and I am not compelled to admire Mrs. Chadderton because you do, John."

"Certainly not."

"Morris never cared for her."

"Very likely, poor fellow."

"He said she was always watching him," continued Hester.

"She is a watchful woman at all times. Why do you quote Morris?" he asked.

"Coming to this house brings back my thoughts of him," she replied.

"Well, you must not be hard or unjust to her because he was," said Woodhatch; "and I want you to take my word that Mrs. Chadderton is a worthy soul."

"You think well of everybody," she said, petulantly; "you are so different from me!"

John Woodhatch moved slowly toward the open French window. "What fine harvest weather this is!" he said. "I must look after my men now, I shall not be very long away."

"One moment more. Whom have I misunderstood—not taken to at first?" she asked, reverting to his former insinuation, as though she set store by his words, or they affected her by their injustice, and were not easily forgotten.

"Lucy Brake," he answered.

"She told you so?"

"Yes."

"She is mistaken. I like her."

"That's well," said John Woodhatch, brightening; "that is how it should be, for the sake of Morris, who loved her very much."

"It is you who are quoting Morris to me now. How is it he is in our minds so much to-day?" she asked. "Is it the visit here, the sad consciousness that he left this house one night to his death?"

"Try and rest for a few minutes," he said, evasively. "I spoke of Morris because you did. I was unwise."

"I will try and rest, then. I am detaining you."

"If you require anything, touch that bell," said Mr. Woodhatch; and he passed out of the window and along the garden ground by way of a short-cut to his fields.

Miss Brake looked round, as if for the bell he had indicated, looked very closely at the furniture of the room now, the pictures and prints upon the wall, the old stone-china on the mantelpiece, the Broadwood Grand, which had remained untouched since Lucy Brake was there last—nearly five years ago—and after this critical inspection she lay back in her chair, a languid, sad-faced woman, to whom life itself seemed a burden to bear.

The house was very still after the departure of John Woodhatch, and she was very tired with her journey. Yesterday there had been great excitement for her, and she had lain "wide awake and staring" all the long night afterward, and in the peace and rest of her new home she could close her eyes and fall asleep. It was far from a peaceful slumber, however, and disturbed even in that bright daytime by strange dreams, if one could judge by a low moaning, as of pain.

A heavy sleep, notwithstanding all this, and from which the opening of the door did not in any way arouse her. Mrs. Chadderton and Kitty Vanch had come into the room together—the former full of attention, despite her stolidity of demeanor, and anxious that the younger visitor should reach the farm parlor again without losing her way along the corridor.

"She is asleep," said Kitty, at first glance of her mistress. "You will not make any noise, please," she added to Mrs. Chadderton; "she has had a very bad night."

"I will take the keys from the cupboard yonder, and go," replied the housekeeper; and having been adjured to caution, she went across the room in so perfectly noiseless a fashion that Kitty marvelled at the process, as she herself crept to a vacant chair opposite Miss Brake.

But Mrs. Chadderton did not go after she had obtained the keys and locked the cupboard—lest her visitors should make free with the contents, perhaps; on the contrary, she came to the back of Kitty's chair in the same ghost-gliding fashion, and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Is she ill?" she asked, in a low voice.

"No; she is only tired."

"She looks like one at death's door," Mrs. Chadderton added. "You should be careful of her, Miss Vanch."

"I hope I am."

"One cares always for what one loves; and you love her very much, I am told."

"Who told you?" she whispered back.

"Mr. Woodhatch has often spoken of her care for you, and of how much you love her in return," she replied.

"Has he? Yes, I love her very much," said Kitty; "she has been everything to me for the last five years of my life, and so God bless her for it."

"God bless her for it," echoed Mrs. Chadderton; and as Kitty looked toward her, she added, "Yes, you ought to say that, I think. What would you have been without her?"

Kitty stared now at the housekeeper, and felt her heart sink even at these words.

"Don't mind me, miss," said the housekeeper, "and don't tell Mr. Woodhatch what I have said. It is a rule here to look away from the past, having lived it down."

"And your past, then?" asked Kitty, wonderingly.

"Was in Bolter's Rents along with *all the rest of them*," she said. "Do you despise me very much for that, Miss Vanch?"

"Heaven forbid! Why should I?" asked Kitty.

"I thought you would not, but I thought I should like to tell you this before any one else did, lest *she*," nodding to Miss Brake, "or Gregory Dorward should set you against me."

"Neither will try to do that," said Kitty, perhaps a little too confidently; "on the contrary, you seemed to despise me—to shrink away from me when I first saw you."

"I was ashamed, or flurried—I don't know which. I—"

"Hush! not so loud; you have awakened her. See!"

But Mrs. Chadderton did not stop to see, but went very swiftly from the room, as if afraid at present to meet Miss Brake's gaze, which, the instant after the door had closed, was fixed upon Kate Vanch.

"Have I been asleep?" she asked. "I did not hear you come in."

"You have been sound asleep," said Kitty.

"Who has just left the room—Mr. Dorward?"

"Mrs. Chadderton."

"Where is she now?"

"She has just left me."

"Come here and listen, Kate," said Miss Brake, with evident excitement.

Kate Vanch crossed to her side, and bent down her head to listen, as commanded.

"I am here to watch her; I have brought you to watch her too, and gain in some way—in any way—if possible, her confidence."

"But your manner when—"

"Yes, yes; I know. I was not prepared," answered Miss Brake, hurriedly. "She will take to you presently; but you must be always on guard too, Kitty, lest she deceive you in your turn. A terrible woman, I am sure."

"I hope not. I think not."

"It is not to be all love-making at Farm Forlorn, remember," said Hester Brake, scornfully; "we are in the house whence Morris was spirited away, and where his death was planned."

"Pray do not think of this, Miss Hester—not at this time."

"This must always be to me a house of shadow," she replied, "and I have always avoided it. But he brings me to it at last."

"John Woodhatch?"

"No. Morris."

"Oh, Miss Hester! Miss Hester!" entreated Kitty, "you will not brood on this again—not now, when there is a prospect of happiness for me. Is it fair?"

Hester Brake rested her thin hand on the soft dark braids of hair inclined toward her.

"Youth is selfish, and love is more selfish than youth—and I have outlived both, Kitty, oh, so long!" she murmured. "There, I will not weary you again yet awhile. I only wished to warn you."

"Of Mrs. Chadderton?"

"Yes. She knows who killed my brother!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VERSE.

THE summer's lovely rose
 Much beauty brings, and yet
Its coming wakes a tender thought
 Of spring's dead violet;
And many a happy song
 In sweetest music set
Recalls, whene'er we hear it sung,
 What we would fain forget;
And brightest smiles oft shine
 Through eyes with tears still wet—
For there is scarce a joy in life
 Unmingled with regret.

WINTER SCENES IN THE NORTHWEST.

THE sketches from the pencil of Mr. GRAHAM printed on page 8 present a strong and interesting contrast to the Southern scenes on the opposite page. The former were made on the northern shore of Lake Superior, and convey in a graphic manner a truthful impression of winter life in that region.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

CHRISTMAS-DAY in New York city in 1882 was noteworthy for the abundance of evergreens displayed, and for the very poor show they made. If the streets and sidewalks had been covered with snow instead of presenting an almost midsummer appearance; if snow blown from the roofs of houses and sifting down upon the projections had embossed their fronts with white; if the lawns in the parks had been buried under snow, and the branches of trees laden with it; if the jingle of sleigh-bells had been heard in the streets—then the unusual abundance of evergreens would have made a pretty contrast with the white, and would have given to the city a very bright appearance.

From observations of the great comet of 1882 Professor Frisby, of the National Observatory at Washington, concludes that its orbit is a very lengthened ellipse, which carries it outward from the sun about ninety times as far as the earth is distant from that luminary. Its period, he calculates, is about 763¼ years, and he thinks the comet may be identical with the bright celestial wanderer which was seen 371 years before the Christian era, and again in the year 363. Since the danger of its falling into the sun on this lap, and kindling a blaze hot enough to destroy the earth, is past, none of those now living need borrow trouble in view of its return.

Optimists declare that they saw in the holiday season evidences of the decline of the tin horn as a device put in the mouths of urchins to enable them to express that feeling of peace and good-will which should reign in the hearts of all. The juvenile tin horn is an abomination against which no lover of law and order will ever cease to cry out.

Cats in the service of the government are entitled to a share in its revenues in consideration of the service performed, but their allowances are not enough to warrant such a raid as Mr. Jay Hubbell made on the government cats in the Philadelphia Post-office last fall. It has been ascertained that the "cat fee" allowed by the Washington authorities to one of the largest Post-offices in Central New York is two dollars a quarter. The number of cats employed is not stated. Their duty is to prevent mice and rats from destroying the mails.

The announcement of a new journal, to be edited and published by the patients in the City Asylum for the Insane, on Ward's Island, and to be styled *The Moon*, recalls a similar publication that was edited by lunatics in the State Asylum at Utica some thirty years ago. It was issued monthly, and was called *The Opal*. Its contents ran largely to poetry, a couplet of which has outlived the magazine. It runs:

"Canst thou be the mackerel's queen,
Plighted, blighted Isoline?"

When Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, arrived in Washington recently, the reporters sought to interview him, but the only word they were able to draw from him was the salutation "How!" Apparently he is learning the Yankee method of parrying the interrogations of the interviewer.

In Switzerland, when a policeman finds a person violating a city ordinance, such as driving a cab after dark without a lighted lantern, or shaking a rug from a window overlooking a street, the officer serves the offender with a card setting forth the nature of the offense, and adding: "If you acknowledge yourself to have committed the aforesaid breach of police regulations, you are to pay a fine of —— at the police office on ——. If you deny your guilt, you are hereby summoned to appear on —— at the tribunal of police, where you will have to answer my charge."

Boston will be interested to hear that a wonderful variety of bean is making its way westward from China, which is not only cooked and eaten like other beans, but is made into cheese. Experiments are now making with a view to its acclimatization in the south of France.

Georgia has a calf with hoofs like a mule's; but, as its hind-legs are shorter than its fore-legs, it can never emulate the mule family in that which makes the mule great.

A mountain grouse recently killed in Oregon had expensive tastes. A dollar's worth of gold was found in its crop.

Some of the young gentlemen of New York will be interested at the present time to know that "mashing" is a word of gypsy origin, from *mashâva*, meaning fascination by the eye.

In a notice of HARPER'S CHRISTMAS, the London *Literary World* says that it "keeps up the American reputation for producing 'big things.' This Christmas number is not only the biggest but the best thing that we have seen in connection with illustrated weekly papers. There are some half-dozen or more of full-page engravings, with several smaller pieces, executed with great artistic skill, and printed admirably on fine smooth-faced paper, which it is a pleasure to look at and to handle.... We advise everybody who can afford to invest in a little of the Christmas literature, which may pleasantly fill up a few spare half-hours in the holidays, not to omit to get HARPER'S CHRISTMAS."

SELECTION.

BROWN (*as he is leaving our Art Conversazione, after a rattling scramble in the cloak-room*). "Confound it!—got my own hat, after all!"

WINTER SCENES IN THE NORTHWEST—NORTHERN SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 7.]

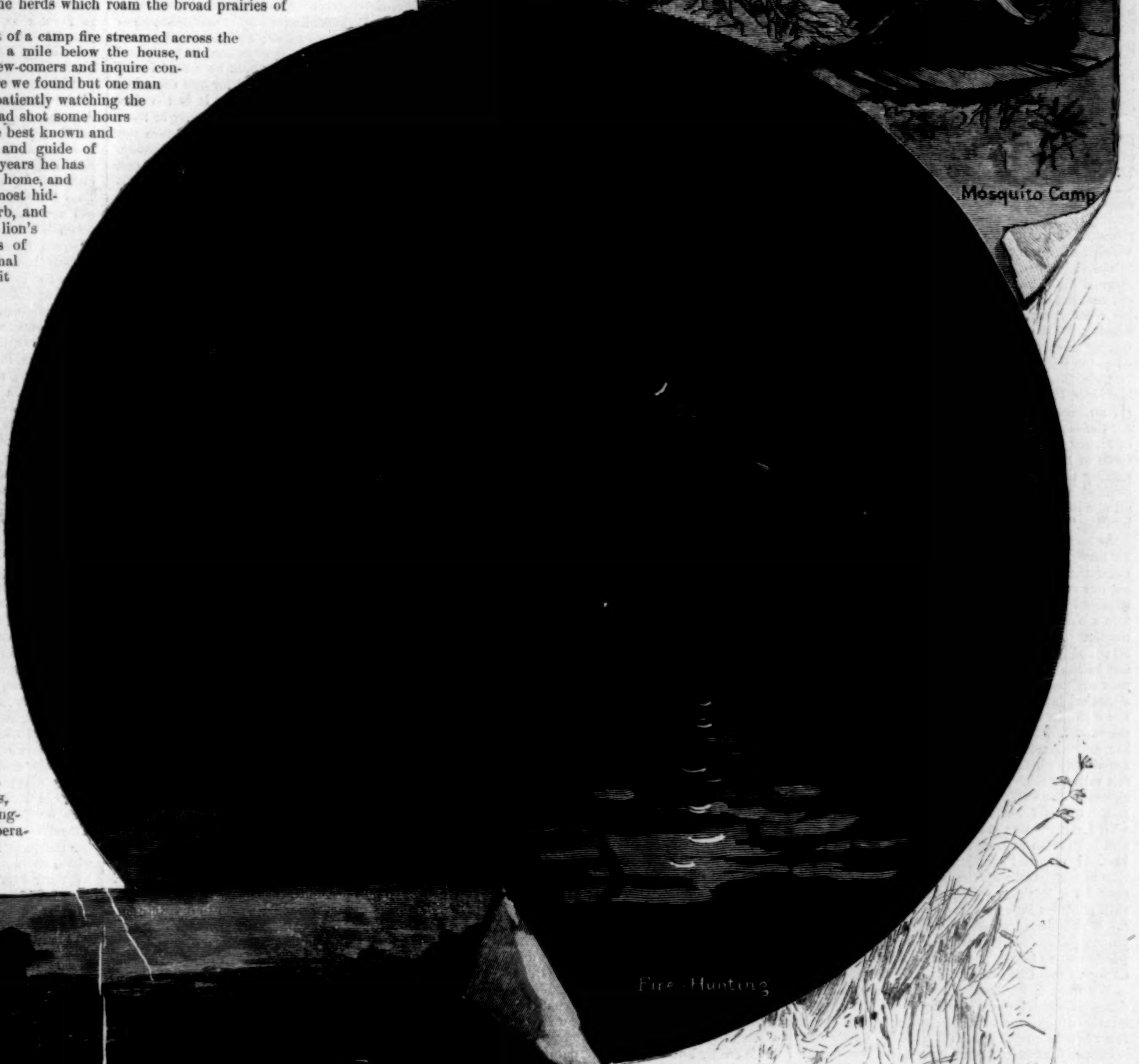
ADVENTURES WITH ALLIGATORS.

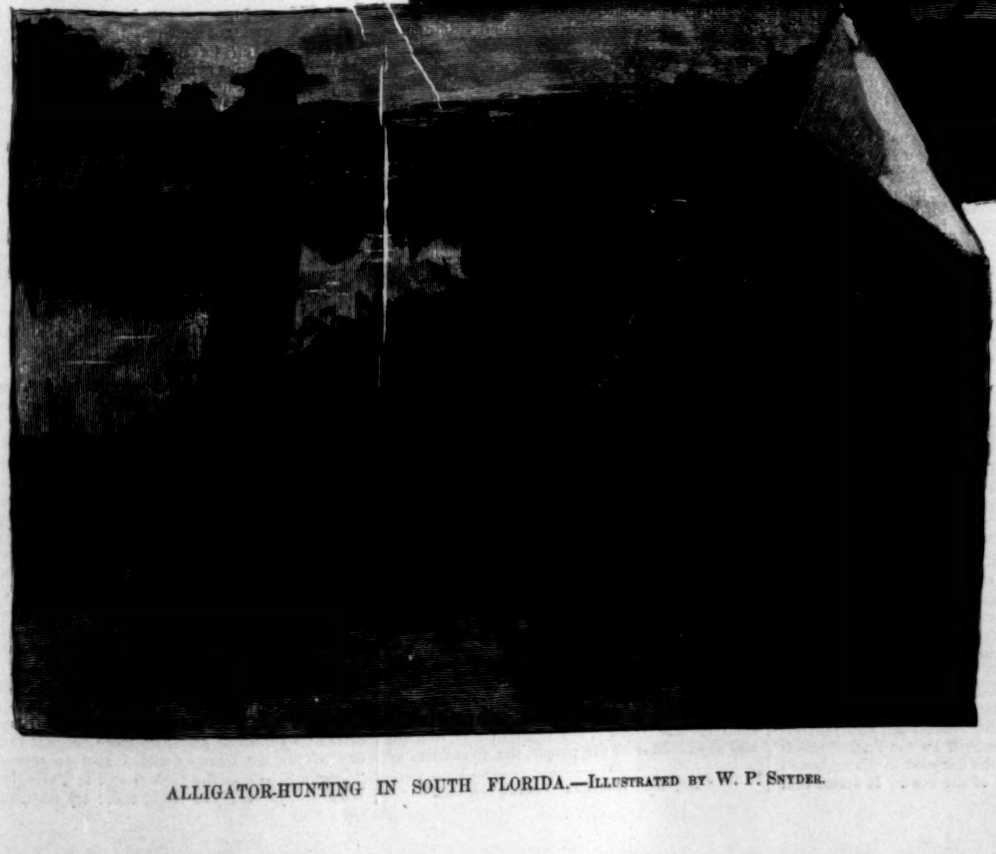
Late one evening last February I sat on the porch of John Pierce's hospitable though modest log house at Fort Bassinger, listening to tales of wild frontier life told by my host and his stalwart sons. Fort Bassinger is situated on the west bank of the Kissimmee River, in South Florida, and is, in that direction, the most advanced outpost of civilization, there being no settlers between it and the dread Okeechobee, fifty miles to the south, and but half a dozen along the whole course of the Kissimmee River, two hundred and fifty miles to the north. It is now a fort only in name, though during the Seminole war it was the site of a permanent encampment of troops. At present Fort Bassinger consists of the log dwelling-house and out-buildings owned by John Pierce, a cattle man, whose wealth lies in the herds which roam the broad prairies of South Florida.

Suddenly, as we talked, the light of a camp fire streamed across the waters of the river a quarter of a mile below the house, and curiosity impelled us to visit the new-comers and inquire concerning them. On reaching the fire we found but one man stretched at length beside it, and patiently watching the roasting of a wild turkey that he had shot some hours before. He was Frank Lefils, the best known and most successful alligator-hunter and guide of South Florida. For nearly twelve years he has made this Floridian wilderness his home, and is intimately acquainted with its most hidden secrets. Clad in hunter's garb, and with hair and beard tawny as a lion's mane, and uncut during his years of sojourn in the wilderness, his personal appearance was as picturesque as it was remarkable.

He was bound for the vicinity of Lake Okeechobee, on an alligator hunt, and readily consented that I should accompany him and share his labors; though he warned me that the trip would be arduous, and not devoid of danger.

We started at daybreak next morning, the hunter in a stanch cypress skiff, and I in the light cedar canoe in which I was exploring those southern wilds. All day long we glided down the swift-flowing crooked river, through its monotonous sameness of wide-spread swamps and lagoons of backwater—"dead rivers," they are called—filled with water-lettuce, bonnets, flags, and the terrible razor-edged saw-grass, but seeing no trace of human occupancy, not even the palm-thatched hut of the wandering Seminole. About five o'clock in the afternoon, or "an hour by sun in the evening," as the crackers express it, we reached a small hammock of cabbage-palms, which we decided to make our camping-place and the base of our future operations.





ALLIGATOR-HUNTING IN SOUTH FLORIDA.—Illustrated by W. P. Snyder.

After unloading our boats I made the coffee, boiled the hominy, and fried the bacon and dried venison, which formed our staples of food, over a fire of "cabbage roots," or dry leaf stalks from the palm-trees, while Lefils erected the mosquito canopies, each supported by four stout stakes, and prepared our beds of palm leaves. These mosquito canopies are indispensable in South Florida, and form a portion of the outfit of every traveller. They are made of cheese-cloth, are generally six feet long, four wide, and three in height, so that in reality they are airy little tents, and afford excellent protection against the heavy night dews as well as against mosquitoes.

After supper, with pipes alight, and stretched at ease on our blankets, with the fire blazing brightly between us, Lefils and I exchanged anecdotes of hunting adventures, and from him I learned more of alligators and their ways than I had been taught by an experience of months of hunting in Floridian wilds. I shall never forget one of the stories he told me that night. It was of the tragic death of an acquaintance of his, named G——, on the upper Suwanee River. Told with dramatic force by the hunter, with the necessary surroundings of that camp, and the bellowings of the great bull alligators sounding in our ears, it was absolutely blood-curdling.

It seems that G——, who was a powerful man, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, went out bird-hunting with two friends, the party being only armed with shot-guns. On their

return, as they crossed the river, one proposed that they take a bath. Going a few rods below the bridge to where there was a deep pool, they took their bath, left the water, and were dressing, when G—— declared that he must have one more plunge. He dived from the bank into the deep water, re-appeared on the surface, and suddenly, with a terrific shriek and a desperate struggle, again disappeared. A moment later a huge alligator rose to the surface, holding the man in his awful jaws, and swam leisurely toward the opposite bank of the river. The monster had seized the swimmer by the right arm and the middle of his body, so that he was perfectly helpless. As poor G—— was thus borne across the river he begged in his agony that if his companions could not save, they would shoot him; but with only their shot-guns loaded with bird-shot they were helpless, and were forced to listen to his heart-rending appeals without the ability to render him the slightest service. They did, however, run up to the bridge, cross the river, and run down the other side, prepared to attack the brute with their knives and clubbed guns. He in the mean time had reached the bank, dragged his whole length out upon it, and lay there for a minute with lifted head, and holding his victim, still alive and struggling, though horribly crushed and mangled, high in the air. Suddenly alarmed by the approach of the men from the bridge, he turned, and with that quickness of motion so wonderful in these ungainly creatures plunged into the river, and with his doomed victim disappeared beneath the surface to rise no more. When the breathless runners reached the spot a few bubbles floating on the blood-stained water were all that was left to tell of the hideous tragedy just enacted.

By daylight our little camp was astir, and a few minutes later was pervaded by the grateful aroma of boiling coffee and the odor of sizzling bacon. That day was occupied in building a hut, which we thatched with palm leaves, and making other preparations for our week's hunt. At odd times during the day the hunter shot a number of cormorants, and caught a quantity of cat-fish, all of which he threw into the river to attract alligators to the vicinity of our camp. He also carefully cleaned his rifles, a beautiful Winchester and an old muzzle-loading Jaeger, upon which he placed his chief reliance, and overhauled his harpoon, making for it a new shaft of tough hickory, and testing every inch of the fine Manila line attached to the iron head. This line, by-the-way, would be easily bitten in twain by the 'gator into whose body the harpoon had been driven were it not for an ingenious device of the hunter, who uses for the last six or eight feet of his line a bunch of strong hempen cords, which slip between the teeth of the animal, and baffle all his efforts at parting them. And, last of all, Lefils carefully cleaned and trimmed his bull's-eye lantern; for all our hunting was to be what is known as "fire-hunting," and was to be done at night.

At last the sun set, and almost immediately—for there is little twilight in those latitudes—came the darkness which we needed for our work. We ate our supper leisurely, however, and waited until about eight o'clock, "so as to give all the 'gators a chance to get out and be feeding," said the hunter. By that time it seemed to me as though all the alligators in the river were not only "out," but in the vicinity of our camp; for the cormorant and cat-fish bait had done its work, and it appeared little short of suicidal to venture out on the water in the blackness of the night amongst the monsters that we could hear splashing, grunting, and occasionally bellowing like angry bulls, apparently within a few feet of us, and I confess I felt rather "scary" as I took my seat in the stern-sheets of the skiff, and with paddle in hand prepared to send her forth into their midst; but with Lefils it was a matter of regular business, and he was so collected and matter of fact that I quickly regained confidence. He sat in the bow, rifle in hand, and with the bull's-eye lantern fastened by a leathern thong to his head. As the skiff shot out into the river, under the strokes of my broad-bladed paddle, she seemed to follow a golden path made by the narrow gleam of light, which was so bright and sharply defined that the darkness was like black walls on either side.

We went down stream, and I had not taken a dozen strokes before a sharp "hist" from the hunter caused me to cease paddling, and for a few seconds our boat drifted with the current, as noiselessly as an autumn leaf, down the bright water path. The gleam of his rifle barrel as Lefils raised it to his shoulder was followed by the sharp report, and a tremendous splashing in the water just ahead of us. But the bullet had done its work surely, and had crashed into the thick skull, plump between the eyes. The alligator sunk; but with the long slender shaft of the harpoon we quickly found him, and the sharp barbed iron was driven deep into his scaly body. A slight effort brought him to the surface, his specific gravity being but little greater than that of water, and in another minute the hunter had dexterously lodged the ungainly carcass in the boat. Within five minutes after the firing of the rifle-shot the harpoon had been detached from the dead body, and we were quietly paddling up stream in search of another. Within an hour two boat-loads of dead alligators, ten in all, had been killed, secured, and deposited on the little bunch of tussocks, about a quarter of a mile below our camp, that had been selected as our skinning ground. Here we pulled them ashore and piled them in a heap to be operated upon the next day, or after they had become "thoroughly dead," as Lefils said. All this time I had not seen a single alligator until after he had been shot, and was very anxious to "shine" a pair of eyes. So after we had piled our 'gators on the tussocks, the bull's-eye was fastened to my head, and with rifle in hand I took my place in the bow of the boat, and Lefils took that I had occupied in the stern. As we pulled out into the stream I moved my head slowly from side to side, as directed by the hunter, and for a few minutes saw nothing save the shining pathway among the dark lily-pads. Suddenly there flashed out from the blackness, right ahead, what appeared two lights shining at a great distance from us. They were of a dark lurid red, and glowed like dull coals of fire. I was about to call Lefils's attention to them, and ask what they were, when they moved slightly, and like an electric shock the knowledge flashed across me that a huge 'gator lay directly in our path, not more than twenty feet away, and that he was steadfastly regarding us, without showing the slightest disposition to move. With a "hist" I arrested the progress of the boat, but not until she had drifted so close to the great motionless brute that the end of my rifle barrel almost touched the glowing eyes as I aimed between them and pulled the trigger. The report was followed by such a terrible lashing of the water under our bows that as the boat was swiftly backed from the scene of disturbance she was tossed like a cockle-shell, and I experienced the same sensation as when, years before, I had been forced to sit quietly in the stern-sheets of a boat from which a keen-edged lance had just sent a monster whale into his death flurry.

As we lay beyond the sweep of the terrible tail, watching the death struggle of the huge reptile, Lefils said, disapprovingly: "That was a bad shot. You fired too quick. You didn't kill him half dead enough." It was very evident that I had not "killed him dead enough"; but his motions were so rapid and the light so uncertain that I had no chance to complete the deadening by another shot, and we were forced to wait patiently until he should become exhausted by his struggles. He did not attempt to move from the place in which we had found him, but circled round and round, now raising his horrid head high into the air, and then lashing the water into a turbid foam with his powerful tail. This state of affairs lasted for ten or fifteen minutes, and then the great reptile sank out of sight, and a few ripples only marked the scene of the recent commotion.

"We can't afford to lose him; he's too big," said the hunter as he picked up his harpoon, and we again exchanged places. A few minutes careful feeling among the bonnet roots, and then the barbed iron was driven downward with the full force of the sinewy arm, and as I backed the boat, Lefils seized his rifle. At the same instant there was a rush through the water, and by the light of the bull's-eye, which still remained on my head, I had a vision of wide-open jaws and gleaming teeth. Just as they were about to close upon me, or so it seemed, there came a shot, a rending of wood, and I found myself struggling in the dark waters of the river, the lantern extinguished, and everything shrouded in deepest blackness. As I stood irresolute in water up to my shoulders, a vigorous stream of the most unique oaths from out of the darkness indicated the presence of the 'gator-hunter. I found that he still held his rifle in his hand, and as his cartridges were water-proof, our predicament was not so alarming nor our loss as serious as had at first appeared. But we were forced to wait until daylight before attempting the recovery of our boat. We waded to the bank, and found ourselves on the tussocks in company with our victims of the earlier hours of our hunt. Although they were supposed to be dead 'gators, and had been left there as such, several of them showed such unmistakable signs of life as we left the river and crawled out amongst them that they had to be "killed again," as Lefils said. He did not waste ammunition on them, but killed them with his hunting-knife, in each case reaching across the animal, and driving the long knife into the body just back of the fore-shoulder. The "why" of this method of procedure was so evident that no questions nor explanations were needed, for the instant the alligator felt the knife, he struck so savagely in the direction from which he supposed the blow to have come, with both head and tail, that had the hunter stood on that side he would have received serious if not fatal injury. Having thus effectually quieted our companions in this our enforced lodging-place, we seated ourselves on one of the scaly bodies, and prepared to pass the hours until daylight as comfortably as possible. The tobacco and matches in my water-proof pouch proved of inestimable value, and in the glowing bowls of our pipes we found a source of cheerfulness which even our wet garments, made colder and wetter by the damp night breeze, could not extinguish. We also succeeded in relighting the bull's-eye lantern, which was very fortunate, for by its light we discovered and killed a number of venomous water-moccasins which had invaded the tussocks, probably only on speculative visits of inquiry, but possibly with murderous intent. I am not sure, however, that they were not attracted by the light, for in all my six months' experience of camp life in Florida I have never been troubled by snakes, and doubt very much if they will, unprovoked, attack a man. Our light also attracted several alligators, whose curiosity was repaid by bullets, and whose dead bodies we obtained next day. Had it not been for the clouds of mosquitoes that enveloped us, our night with the 'gators would have been comparatively comfortable, but they drove us to the verge of insanity, and the first streaks of dawn were hailed with delight.

As soon as it became sufficiently light for us to pick our way, we succeeded, partly by wading and partly by swimming, in regaining our camp, where our thorough enjoyment of dry clothes, hot coffee, and a hearty breakfast almost compensated for the discomforts and dangers of the preceding hours. In my canoe we repaired to the scene of our disaster, and found our enemy of the night before floating on his back, his white belly glistening in the sunlight, stone-dead, and still attached to the sunken skiff by the line, of which one end was fast to the harpoon in his body and the other to the bow of the boat. It seems that when he made his final rush at us Lefils had fired a ball down the yawning chasm of his throat, and that in his death agony the alligator had seized the side of the boat, and torn it off from stem to stern. We dragged him up on the tussocks, and measured him, finding him to be within an inch of thirteen feet long. Although during that week we killed one hundred and twenty alligators, no one of them equalled him in size, nor did we have any serious trouble with any other during the hunt.

After eight days' hard work we abandoned our comfortable camp, and with heavily laden boats turned our faces up the river toward Fort Bassinger and the civilization which lay beyond.

FRESCOES.*

BY OUIDA.

PART I.—(*Continued.*)

Lady Hermione Latrobe, Milton, Ernest, Berks, to her Sister, Lady Dorothy Latrobe, The Cloisters, by Chesterfield, Derbyshire:

"My dear Doll,—There is quite too lovely a creature here, a Roman; Esmée has got him over to do the ball-room. You never saw anything so handsome; he is like a picture. And to think we were in Rome all winter, and never saw him! He is entirely *farouche*, and by so much the more fetching. He locks himself up in the ball-room—he is doing frescoes there; and if we happen to meet him in the woods or anywhere, he bows and runs away. He seems to think us a set of wild animals. I got Esmée to send for him the other evening, but he wouldn't show. It is too tiresome. Tabby says we all are too ready to treat him as if he were a gentleman; but I assure you he looks like one, and artists nowadays go everywhere, and actors too, and at the Duke's, last week, there were two of them, and all they thought about was mussel-dredging down in the bay. It's dull down here, on account of Tabby; she's such a grim old cat; but Esmée's awfully sweet and precious, and I wish you'd come; and Henry Hollys, I think, is coming, and he is always good fun, though he scolds. Last night, as the Roman wouldn't come to us, Esmée had five-o'clock tea taken into the ball-room; he couldn't run away, and he was *charming;* told us such delicious Italian stories, and sang such lovely Italian songs, just, you know, as we heard them sing going by in the moonlight in Naples, four or five of them, with their guitars, don't you remember? And then he sketched us all, and gave us the sketches; and I wished he had wanted to keep mine, but I dare say he can do me from memory. I thought Italians were always *so* courteous, but he isn't one bit: he says awfully rude things, and Esmée got quite angry; but he has a pretty way of saying them too. He seemed glad when we went away, and I heard him lock the door again while we were still in the corridor. He is to be here a whole year, all by himself in the winter; but winter's a long way off; Esmée will go to Cannês, and means to have the *Glaucus* to cruise about in. If she asks me to go with her, I shall.

"Your affectionate Hermie."

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"The days go on the same with me, my honored and dear friend. My work progresses as well as the uncertainty of the weather will permit; I have contented myself with six of the cartoons necessary: the remaining twelve are still in a vague, incomplete state. When I shut my eyes I see our little village, its oak and chestnut woods, its crags of gray marble and red porphyry, its strips of maize, and narrow ledges of pumpkins, and beans that need such coaxing to grow up on high upon the rocks; I see the bright, brown buxom maidens with their breasts heaving under their linen bodices, and the earthen jar balanced on their heads; and my heart with my thoughts flies back to you all, and I would that I were sitting with you in your little porch, under the great pine-trees, with the night coming on, so violet, so silvery, so clear and bright, with the glow-worms shining like little stars under the cabbage and pumpkin leaves. If I had only enough to live on, without being a charge to you, never would I have been thoughtless enough to leave our sweet silent Sabine hills.

"I find the luxury of this place grow oppressive to me: these endless carpets, that muffle every sound; these endless servants, who anticipate every simplest wish or act; these interminable meals, which need the appetite of Gargantua; this perpetual panorama of idle people, who are always changing, and yet look to me always the same—for there is such a likeness and sameness in fashion!—of all these I grow sick and impatient. One may lock one's self up alone as one will, there is no escaping the influence of the atmosphere of a house. A house has its moral atmosphere as a city has. Then the climate has a great heaviness in it. I feel only half awake; I am not myself without the full sunlight. And these eternal clouds are not grand, as our tempest clouds are; broken through with shafts of light, hurled by the wind, piled one on another in masses like mountain-crests, taking at evening on them, when the storm is spent, a pomp of color, a glory unutterable. No; they are more like great dusky feather-beds; indeed, I hear they are called wool-packs by the country people: they merely present a monotonous, uninteresting expanse of vapor: and as for a sunset, I have not seen one since I saw Civita Vecchia fade away in the evening glow. You will say I have nostaglia! Of course I have; but that does not prevent me from appreciating the rich and pastoral calm of this country, the strength and courage and good-humor of the people, the cleanliness of their homes, and the excellence of their agriculture. If we could transplant some of these qualities into Italy, in especial the cleanliness, we should truly have a paradise. I am ungrateful to murmur at my exile, for I have that greatest of all blessings, work that is sympathetic and delightful to me.

"After a few attempts at suggestion and interference on the part of my employer, which I rejected more peremptorily than was perhaps polite or politic, she has left me entirely to my own choice of theme and treatment. I imagine her cousin has written to her that I am an intractable. I have been here three months now: all this time there has been a constant succession of visitors; but these of course do not affect my own life: I have no more to do with them than if I were in the moon. They have, or rather she has, however, made a custom of coming into the ball-room for their six-o'clock tea, whenever they are in the house at that hour, and there have been several rainy afternoons. I can not be churlish; she is distinctly in her own right. Hearing that I am something of a musician, she has had an Erard placed in the big bare room for my use: I can not, of course, refuse to play to her when she comes. Indeed, I confess these afternoon hours break the monotony of my days, and I find myself stupidly disappointed when they are all out riding or driving, or playing their lawn tennis, which is a boisterous, meaningless game that I do not admire, when I chance to cross their court as I walk in the gardens. She has ceased to complain of the frescoes being slowly executed; I think she begins to take interest in seeing the blank plaster bloom like the rose.

"I have had some charming fair children out of the village as models; but they are *only* fair; they have no soul in their round blue eyes, and I could only model their little healthy bodies and well-fed white limbs: their faces said nothing. Now Italian children have the whole Inferno and Paradiso in their wonderful eyes: why is it? They have no soul *in* them; or at least they will sell any they have for a copper centime to buy salt fish or a tomato. But the look is there, and it is not here. Is it because we have so much tragedy in our blood, in our soil? or is it because the Italian mothers still croon strophes of Tasso and Metastasio over the sleeping babies? The English mothers certainly do not sing snatches of Shakspeare or Herrick over the cradles of these pretty, flaxen, pink-cheeked creatures.

"I have been translating Tasso, impromptu, into French, to miladi and her ladies; it seems poor stuff in Gallic dress, yet something of its spirit and sweetness seems to reach them. As I read to them by one of the great windows of what they call my prison-house, with the green lawns and huge cedars outside, and these lovely women around me, I must look like a story-teller of the Decamerone, and I believe that the grim dowager-grandmother disapproves of me. She has no power, however, to make the rod of her displeasure felt, for miladi is her own mistress, and having passed her majority, owes obedience to none. I imagine she was spoiled all her life. She expects impossibilities, and can be both insolent and capricious. Yet I think her nature is good, though so incrusted with the habit of the world that the actual heart in her can seldom beat as it might do.

"There is here, at this moment, a certain Duke of Kingslynn, who is one of her multitude of distant cousins, and with whom it is desired by her world in general that she should marry herself. He is a good-natured, amiable young man, whom she calls Vic., and torments incessantly; he has a certain simple dignity which makes him look manly when she teases him, but he is not her equal in intelligence, and if she take him it will only be because she wishes to be Duchess of Kingslynn, and they will both be extremely sorry for the step all their lives long, even if nothing worse ensue. I wish I could set her before you with any sort of distinctness. I inclose another sketch of her; I made it last evening. She had been riding, and got down at the foot of what they call the yew terrace, and I was standing there, as the terrace is just outside the ball-room. She took off the little melon-hat she wore, and leaned against the balustrade, and talked a little while. The redness of sunset was shining beyond the heavy boughs of the yews; it touched her hair with its warmth, and made her eyes look quite soft. I shall make a large picture from the sketch when all this is over, and I am back in Florinella, and ask myself if it be not a dream that ever I painted frescoes in England. I dare say she will have married 'Vic.' by that time, and have begun to break his heart and spoil his temper.

"She and those she calls her house party came to the ball-room last afternoon. I can not always lock out the mistress of it, and was forced to open the door, with some reluctance I confess. There was a quantity of people, male and female. They talked English, of which, of course, I understood nothing. I wished I had had an Italian with me to have been able to return them their bad manners in kind. Bad manners seem to me the rôle of these English patricians. I threw my cigar away when they entered, but the men, and one or two of the women, smoked the whole time. They had tea brought them, and the men drank the most horrible compound, produced by mixing together brandy and a kind of soda-water, and the women ate an incredible quantity of all kinds of hot cakes, sweet cakes, candied fruits, chocolates, and sugared dainties, and I knew that their dinner bell would ring at eight! I wonder that they do not all die of indigestion.

"When they at last remembered my existence, they spoke to me in French. Then I confess a silly demon of vanity entered into me. I perceived they thought me of no more account than one of my lay figures; and I said to myself, "Leonis Renzo, at the Grecco and in Paris they have always said you could talk: try now, and

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see if you can not make these soda-water drinkers look stupid.' So I did try. French seemed to them all the same thing as English, except to a very dull being called Lord Colchester, who has a glass screwed in his eye. I exerted myself to entertain them, and succeeded; soon I had the pleasure to see that the cake-eaters paid no more attention to the soda-water drinkers. I told them stories; I sang them songs, for I had my old lute in the room; I played them a concerto of Schubert, and some of the *Mose in Egitto*. Then I permitted myself to satirize them, and the only drawback to this diversion was that they were too stupid to be easily stung. Only miladi—my patroness—got angry, and defended her order and their ways of life, which I confess appear to me to be of a silliness and a selfishness that are degrading in view of the immense interests that the world contains. *Basta!* I had my turn, and used it. They staid till their dressing-bell rung, and they no more regarded me as a lay figure. Just before they left me I spoke at some length, in Latin, to a man whom they call Bertie, who appears a scholar and a good critic of art. He looked surprised, but he answered me in the same tongue. Miladi called out, 'Oh! you must not speak Latin, you know we don't know it!' 'Miladi,' I said to her, 'you know it as well as I know your English.' At that she was a little conscience-stricken and ashamed. 'A very good lesson, neatly given,' said this gentleman whom they called Bertie, to me.

"I hope they will not take the habit of having their tea here; it is not good to get angry, and it deprives me of the sunset hours' light, and there is so little light in this country at the best of times! Dear and reverend Father in God, I salute you lovingly."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest:

"I should be only too delighted to come over, as you so kindly propose; but there is not a ghost of a chance of my getting away till September, and I shall hardly get ten days then. You know I am left in charge, and the dear chief won't be back from his stag-hunting till November. It is awfully hot and fearfully dull. I make a *scappato* to the villas of friends, and sleep very often up at Frascati or Tivoli, or down at Palo at Odescalchi's place; but one can't get out of the leaden weight of the intolerable heat unless one goes fairly off up into the mountains, and I can't leave the Chancellerie long enough to do that: there are complications, and the Chambers may re-assemble any moment. By-the-way, you have not mentioned either Renzo or the frescoes for ages: this strikes me as much more ominous than if you indited me reams in his praise. Have you already wholly destroyed him? Has he taken an overdose of chloral in despair, and been interred under the yews of Milton Ernest? If you do not answer me, I shall write and ask your grandmother. I shall have the truth from *her*."

Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"You will have the truth, my dear Harry, from me, though your absurdity scarcely deserves it. Your *envoi* is perfectly well, and the walls are getting covered, in outline, he calls it, for the most part; but it looks very well, and will have a very good effect. The music gallery he proposes to do in *graffiti*, whatever that may be; but I have obeyed you to the letter, and never interfered with him. He is left entirely to his own devices; he thinks lawn tennis ungraceful and senseless, so he can't be asked even to join in that. Now and then, once a week perhaps, we visit the ball-room; and then he sings a little, or plays, or reads some Italian poem very nicely. He really does sing very well; I wonder he didn't go on the stage like Capoul. Vic. has taken quite a fancy to him, which is droll enough, for they can't say more than six words to each other. You know Vic.'s Eton French, which ought to be so good, but isn't, and only just lets him understand naughty operettas and order supper at Bignon's. Nobody knew he could ride; but the other day, just as all the horses came round, Souchong (you remember her?) got loose and tore away. He was in the home wood as Souchong dashed through it, and he actually stopped her, mounted her, and after she had torn away with him, literally over bush and brier, for three miles, got her well in hand, and brought her in as quiet as a lamb, just when we all supposed she had broken her back in a ditch."

Mr. Hollys (on a post-card):

"Charming lady's hack, Souchong; but who was the hero? Surely you knew Vic. could ride?"

Lady Charterys (on a post-card):

"Who was to suppose an Italian could ride? I thought they were like Frenchmen."

Mr. Hollys (on a post-card):

"Forgive my stupidity; I stand corrected. Correct, in return, your narrow insular prejudices. Italians can ride, but they won't, as a rule, feed their horses. As for Frenchmen—ever been to the Chantilly hunt, or seen 'em go after boars in Ardennes? It is very generous of Vic. to like the *dompteur* of Souchong."

Lady Charterys (on a post-card):

"I am afraid the heat makes you dream strange things. Souchong isn't the least bit *domptée*, and is quite as ready to bite her groom and kick her loose box into splinters as ever she was."

Mr. Hollys (on a post-card):

"Only one word more: Do you mean to go to Cowes *as usual—or—not?*"

Lady Charterys (on a post-card):

"Why on earth do you underline such a simple inquiry? No; I do not; because the *Glaucus* is being recoppered, and I want her in the winter."

Mr. Hollys (on a post-card):

"Thanks: I could have predicted the answer. In winter will you want the *Glaucus's* cabin done in *graffito?* I have just seen the man I *ought* to have sent for the ball-room: he is sixty-eight, decorated, diploma'd, a 'professore,' an 'alunno' of a thousand artistic societies, and an ass; but if the frescoes would have suffered, at least their designer would not, and I am quite sure he would not have translated Tasso or done Mazeppa on Souchong. But one is always wise too late."

Lady Charterys (on a post-card):

"I have sent a paragraph to the society papers to inform the world of the distressing fact that the Hon. H. Hollys, so well known, etc., etc., etc., has gone mad in consequence of a severe sunstroke incurred in the discharge of his diplomatic duties in Rome."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to the Duke of Kingslynn, Milton Ernest:

"Dear Vic.,—You know you have my very best wishes, but what can I do? I never had much influence over her, and at a distance I have none. If I wrote to her urging your desires she would probably be utterly set against you: women are 'kittle cattle,' and she more 'kittle' than most. I am quite sure she has great regard for you, and I don't think anybody would be as good a husband for her as yourself, setting altogether aside the tremendous advantages that have made you the hope of Belgravia ever since you left the Eton Eight. You will acquit me of any such snobbish meaning. It is your loyalty of nature, your honesty of purpose, your knowledge of her character, and your own sweet and patient temper which would make of you so good a companion of her life. But if you feel she doesn't care for you, do not give her the chance of making you wretched. Esmée is a woman who if she loved a man might be made anything of by him; but if she have only for you a good-natured, indifferent, friendly regard, then—then, my dear Vic., cut your heart out with a knife now rather than spoil all your glorious future by wedding yourself to eternal disappointment, carking jealousy, and perfectly useless devotion. I have said my say, and you must do as you please. I wish you would tell me one thing: have I done any harm by sending Renzo over to Milton Ernest? I thought she might bother him in his painting, but it never occurred to me that she would notice the man any more than she does the doctor or the curate. To be sure, I underrated the attraction of a perfectly regular profile and eyes of onyx."

The Duke of Kingslynn, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"No; I don't think there's anything of that sort with the Italian fellow. He seems wrapped up in his painting. I like him myself. Though he is tremendously good-looking, he is neither a fool nor a flirt. He seems an awfully proud beggar, and keeps out of our way as much as he can. I think he is down on his luck: I suppose you know all about him. I should hope she'd as soon think of the groom. I mean to try, despite all you say, though I dare say you are right. She doesn't care much for me, but then if she don't care for anybody else we shall get along. I can't put it in good language, nor look at her as the Italian fellow does when he reads 'em Tasso, but I would do anything in the world for her, and I don't believe there's another woman in the world like her. If she's got any faults I don't see 'em; she may treat me like dirty boots if she likes, I shall love her as long as I live."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to the Duke of Kingslynn, Milton Ernest:

"The true thing, my dear Vic., but women never care for it, and they do treat it like dirty boots; and I'm afraid they prefer to be treated like dirty boots themselves—odd taste, but they are made so. I have heard much of the acute vision of love; but love has always seemed to me to be as blind as ten thousand bats, and yours is no exception in cecity. However, God bless you, dear lad; go in and win if you can."

The Duke of Kingslynn, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome (telegraphs):

"I've had my innings, and I've made the duck's egg. She won't hear of it for a minute. I shall go and pot elephants. I am now off. Write me at London."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to the Duke of Kingslynn, Guards Club, London (telegraphs):

"So awfully sorry. Don't go to Africa; you don't want knife-handles. Go to Benderrick or Glenlochrie, and I will try and run over to you for a week up there."

The Duke of Kingslynn, Guards Club, London, to Mr. Hollys, Rome (telegraphs):

"Very well. Young birds very strong this year. It's no more the Roman than it's the stable-boy. You are a good fellow, for you don't say 'I told you so.' Come to Glenlochrie."

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco (writes):

"I have received yours with delight and gratitude, dear Father. I am concerned poor Tessa's son has drawn a bad number; conscription is hard on men, but harder still on women. All the news of Florinella is charming to me. When I read your lines I hear the cicala boom, the maize stalks rustle, the *chiu* hoot; I smell the wild honeysuckle hedges, and the lemon flowers, and the dewy summer dawns; when I go into the conservatories here I think I am walking in the Italian fields at sunrise in mid-June. Miladi is almost alone in the house now; her guests are gone, with the exception of a pretty child called the Lady Hermione, and of course the stately grandmamma. The young Duke has been refused by miladi, so the head gardener tells me, who talks French well, and I have won his heart by suggesting to him your simple cure for his vines, which are afflicted in their hot-houses with what we call *criptommia*. It is certain the young Duke is gone. He behaved like a true gentleman to me; but he would never have suited miladi, who laughed at him, and plagued him, and plainly thought him a simpleton, which I do not think he was, though he had that awkward manner and clipped, bald speech which seems to characterize these young men of rank so far as I can judge by what I have seen in this house.

"Miladi and the young Hermione still come and have their tea in the ball-room, and they are beginning really to understand something of Tasso. Miladi has a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, but I do not like the way she has been taught to sing: it is too florid and not sufficiently accurate. She lets me correct her with great good-humor, and I teach her to use my old mandoline. These lessons, however, will not last much longer, for she is going away on a round of visits to grand houses; she says there is nothing so tiresome. It seems it is the shooting season in Scotland already, and she is going there first, and she says the men are all out after game the whole day, and stupid as sheep or as stones from fatigue all the evening. These very great people seem to me to create for themselves a very vast number of tiresome duties. They all hate what they are doing, and yet they all continue to do it. If I were one of them I should surprise them by leading my own life.

"Could you post to me that large sketch-book full of my illustrations to the 'Morgante Maggiore' which I did when I was quite a youth? Miladi would like to see it. She has been much amused with the poem, which of course I put into decent dress for presentation to a lady. I have been telling her how our peasantry still make dramas of these old poems, and play them on our hills, with no scenery save nature's. She is not hard to interest when her fancy is taken; she has mind, too, only it is frittered away. I confess I am touched by the change there has come in her since she repented of wounding me about the dress clothes. She is full of delicacy and courtesy. She can not altogether alter the certain *brusquerie* of her manner which seems natural to her, but she tempers it. She does not in any way resent home truths that I venture to tell her, and she seems now to be mortified at her own ignorance of artistic and intellectual matters, whereas at first she was proud of it. Her education has evidently been much neglected, though she tells me that from four years old to seventeen she was in the hands of governesses of all nations, and crammed with all manner of science she calls rubbish. At seventeen she went into the world, and all her studies were over. That is five years ago.

"She listens with great pleasure whenever I speak of you, and tell her of your vast attainments, your infinite goodness, and of the home that you have made so dear to me in that little hermitage-like house of yours, with dear old Marta to scold me if I let the chickens get amongst the flower beds, or the thrushes steal the olives. When shall I see the dear little whitewashed presbytery again?

"I am now painting Hylas drawn down into the water by the nymphs. I have no fit model for Hylas; I must go to my memory of the slender-limbed brown lads plunging in our hill streams for fish. To give the night, too, the beautiful night that mariners love, I must go also to my home memories. The moon seems to me always to dwindle when she rises here. The stars, when they are visible, which is but two nights out of five, seem pale and small. Oh, to see once more Venus burning with her translucent light above the dark brows of Soracte or the snows of the Leonessa!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW DECORATIONS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The interior of the White House has been of a cold and gloomy aspect, unrelieved by the timid and tentative attempts of successive Presidents' wives to enliven it, until about two months ago, when Mr. Louis C. Tiffany's society of "Associated Artists" was employed to decorate some of the rooms upon the ground-floor.

As it may be necessary to inform many of our readers, the ground-floor of the White House consists of a vestibule entered from the portico on the northern front, which gives access to a corridor running transversely, that is, the long way of the mansion. The vestibule is 50 by 30 feet, the corridor 80 by 23. The wall separating the two is pierced with three large segment-headed arches occupying the whole length of the vestibule, and fitted with doors. The corridor terminates at one end in the great East Room, at the other in the conservatory. Directly across it, from the centre of the vestibule, is the oval Blue Room, at the left of this the Green Room, at the right the Red Room, and at the right of this again, being the southwest corner of the house, the state dining-room.

The work done by the artists, with the exception of a new carpet chosen for the great East Room, has been confined to the decoration in color of the corridor, the Blue Room, the Red Room, and the state dining-room, the Green Room having been refurnished last year under the direction of Mrs. Garfield. The designs for this later work were furnished and the execution directed by Mr. H. M. Lawrence.

Perhaps the most striking and original of the decorations is the screen which fills the arcade between the corridor and the vestibule. This is now a glass mosaic of varying but symmetrical patterns, composed of sheets of opalescent glass incrusted with vitreous jewels of topaz and ruby and amethyst. These are arranged in rectangular patterns in the side arches, while the centre of the central arch is occupied with a great oval composition of mosaic of yet more vivid and luminous colors. There is a quaint suggestion of symbolism in the four eagles which surround this, and the rough monogram "U. S." which appears here and there in opalescent glass; but these are quite incidental, and the motive of the work is purely decorative, and aims at a harmonious and sparkling arrangement of rich color. The treatment of the leading, which is convex, and the surface of which is tinned, is everywhere an integral part of the composition. The screen is always well lighted—from without by day, and from within by night—and the "wrong side," which is without interest in ordinary glass-work, is here an interesting design in color, although of course the translucency of the material is always necessary to its full effect.

The inner wall of the corridor, opposite this jewelled screen, has been tinted a pale olive, as a suitable background to the historical portraits that hang upon it. Two niches which occur in it have been gilded, and in place of the statues for which the niches were originally designed, but which have not been supplied, vases of growing plants are to occupy their pedestals. The frieze of this corridor, which is bounded by a belt of open India brass-work standing out from a background of strong colors, is in tones of pale yellow and gold laid in stencilled patterns. The ceiling is divided by bands of color into five compartments, and is decorated in gold and silver and brass work on a field of pale color.

The time-honored names of the Blue Room and the Red Room have furnished the motives for their decoration. They have been left as they were found in all details of form, except that a wooden mantel has been added to the latter, while the white marble mantel of the Blue Room has been inlaid with opalescent tiles framed in silver. The ellipse of this room projects beyond the southern wall of the house, and it is in this projection that the three large windows that light the room occur. The blue of the walls is of a light greenish tint, intermediate to the deep blue of the carpet and the still paler and more silvery tint of the ceiling, produced by the use in oval patterns of very light bluish-gray and silver. The frieze is a band some three feet wide, or rather not a band, for the pale blue and silver of its decoration merge without an emphatic separation into the plain tint of the wall. The curtains and the furniture are of blue silk canvas, a new material in upholstery, and assist the extremely light and bright aspect the artist has endeavored to give it. On each side of the chimney-piece, and at corresponding points in the opposite wall, are superb sconces, each a diamond-shaped mosaic of glass jewels, some three feet in diameter, set flat against the wall, from the centre of which radiate the eight arms of a polished brass candelabrum.

The chimney-piece of the Red Room is a monumental piece of wood-work in cherry, stained a deep amaranthine red. The reeded columns at each end, wound with ribbons, have a somewhat fanciful resemblance to Roman fasces, and a belt of carving crosses under the shelf. Around the hearth is an inlay of tiles in changeful tints of brown and amber and brown-red. Above the mantel, and projecting from the wall, is an oblong mosaic of glass. The wood-work is painted a dark brown. The dado is of a brownish-crimson, and is separated by a slight moulding from the wall field of Pompeiian red. This is an unbroken color, and is separated by another moulding from the richly decorated frieze, three feet in width, the tone of which is a lighter and more tawny red. The cornice and the centre-piece of the ceiling are of a golden tint, with stencilled decoration in gold-leaf. The ceiling is profusely decorated in stars, with gold and copper-and-gold color, and there is some suggestion in these of the stars of the flag—a suggestion which is heightened by the suggestion of its stripes in the border of the ceiling.

The state dining-room is in tones of yellow, the walls a brownish-yellow, the broad frieze stencilled in three or four colors, of which the resultant tint is like that of the wall, but lighter and more positively yellow, and the ceiling is yellower still.

The decoration has taken two months to complete, and has cost about $15,000. It was opened to public inspection for the first time on New-Year's Day.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

A REMONSTRANCE.

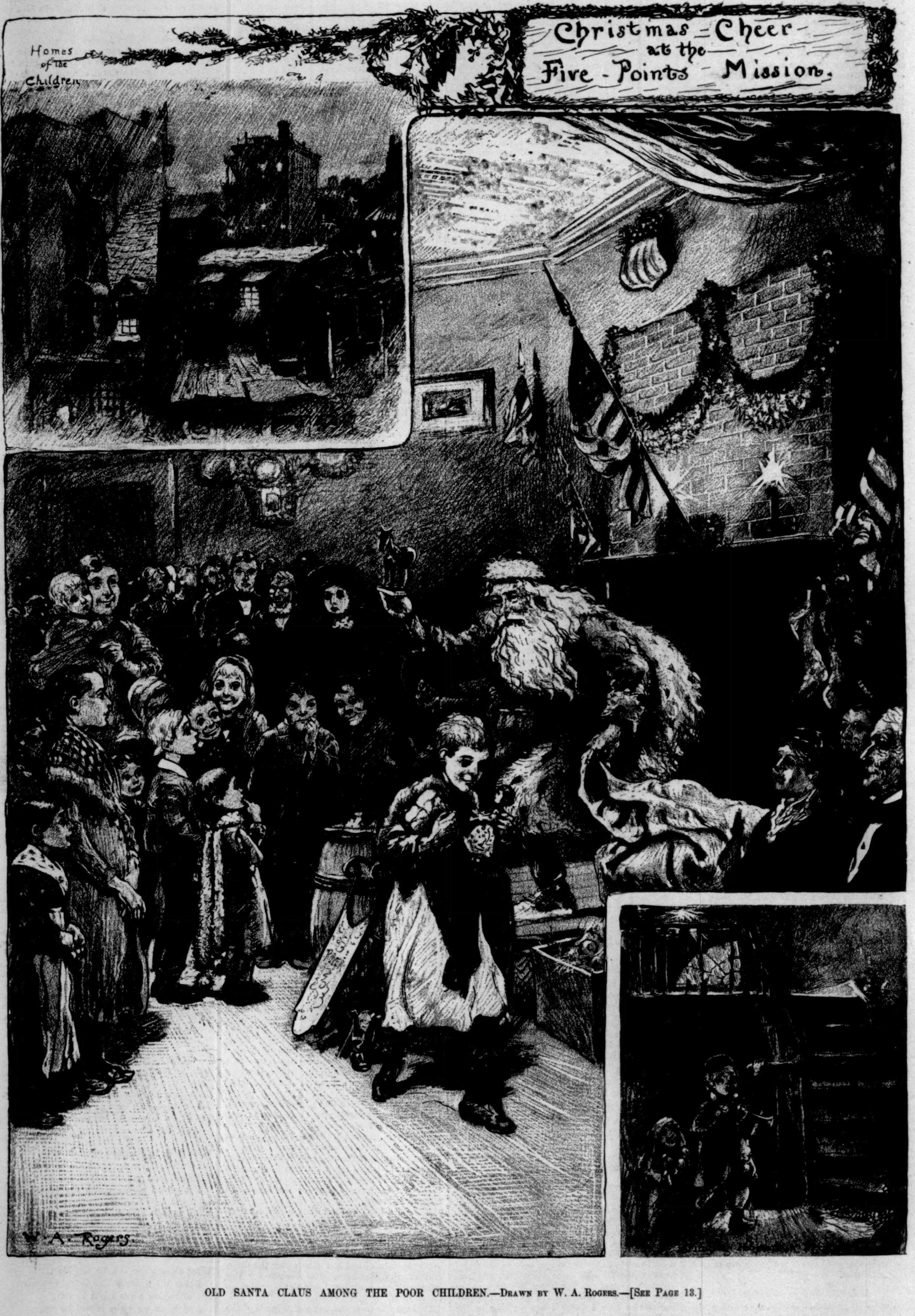
Gray heavens, gray earth, gray sea, gray sky,
But rifted with strange gleams of gold:
Downward all's dark, but far on high
Walk the white angels dear of old.

With faith in God and trust in man,
In patience strong our souls possessed,
Eastward gray ghosts may linger wan,
But golden glories crown the west.

Life's broken urns with moss are clad,
And grass springs greenest over graves:
The shipwrecked sailor reckons, glad,
Not what he lost, but what he saves.

What though our sun be set, his ray
Robes the hill-tops like saints new-born:
His after-glow turns night to day,
And when we wake it will be morn.

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."



OLD SANTA CLAUS AMONG THE POOR CHILDREN.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 13.]

SIGN FOR A MUSEUM.

WOOD-CARVING.

When the stanch old whalers used to weigh anchor at New Bedford, and, manned by hardy Yankee crews, set sail for a three years' cruise, there was a figure-head at every bow to be washed by the ocean's bounding waves. To this day the "down-East" craft cling to the custom of carrying an image at their stems. The *Polly Jane* will be adorned with a form in wood which is intended to represent a young woman, and the *Water Witch* will dip in the main a mermaid, with scaly tail and flowing tresses, that stands out under her jib-boom. Time was when no vessel sailed the seas without a figure-head. There was at her head old Neptune, a jolly Jack Tar, a siren of the sea, or some other design. Sad to say, the days when abnormally shaped figure-heads distinguished sailing craft, from the merchantman to the fishing-smack, have passed. Modern craft, except now and then one built at some New England port, are sent out with carved bows perhaps, but no figure-heads appear. A private yacht, constructed for pleasure, may be supplied with a figure-head, but it will be far too accurate and artistic to suit the sailor, who likes to see things rough-hewn. It was with a substantial sigh that the captain of an ancient trader deplored the degeneracy of the sea when the abandonment of figure-heads was spoken of. There were cracks—and wide ones too—in the figure on his own ship, and parts were missing, but he vowed that it should stay in its place so long as the trader remained above-water. He declared that he would not sail in a ship without a figure-head, and no good sailor would have done so a quarter of a century ago. Above the door of a grog-shop down among the shipping on the river-front is a figure that must have been cut fully one hundred and fifty years ago. It is the bust of a swarthy Portuguese, and is crude and weather-worn. It did service on a merchantman that has been long dismantled. The tug-boats mount eagles on their wheel-houses, but rarely carry figure-heads.

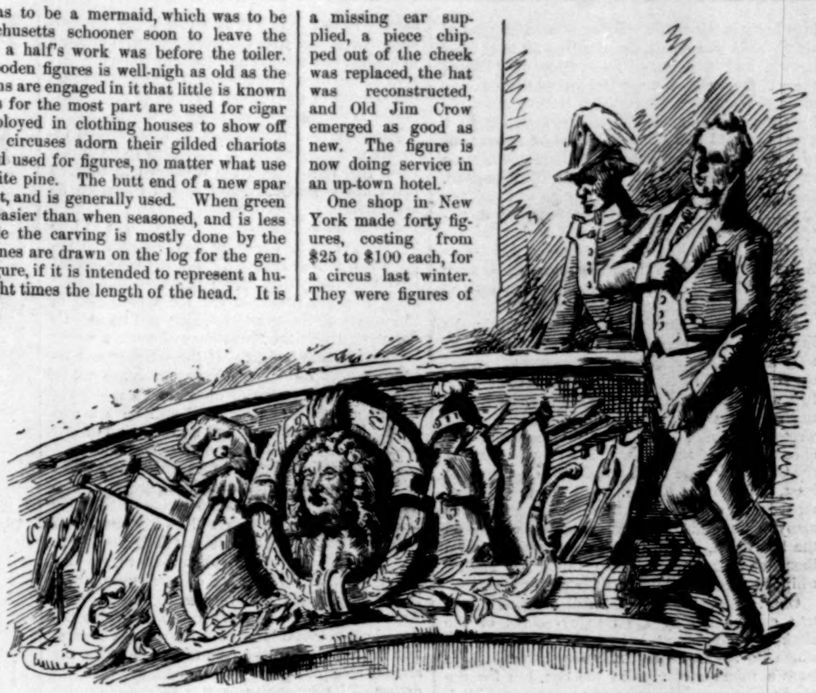
A man who whistled as he worked bent over the butt end of a spar in the top loft of a building on South Street the other day. He chopped and chiselled and gouged until it was plain to see that he was fashioning a figure out of the wood. He said it was to be a mermaid, which was to be fastened to a Massachusetts schooner soon to leave the stocks. A week and a half's work was before the toiler. The art of carving wooden figures is well-nigh as old as the hills, but so few persons are engaged in it that little is known about it. The figures for the most part are used for cigar signs. Some are employed in clothing houses to show off the latest styles, and circuses adorn their gilded chariots with them. The wood used for figures, no matter what use they are put to, is white pine. The butt end of a new spar serves the purpose best, and is generally used. When green the wood cuts much easier than when seasoned, and is less liable to split. While the carving is mostly done by the eye, chalk or pencil lines are drawn on the log for the general contour. The figure, if it is intended to represent a human form, is made eight times the length of the head. It is made of one solid block, unless the arm is extended, when a separate piece is put on, so that the grain will run the right way to prevent its breaking off. Regular carvers' tools are used. From a week to a month is required to make a figure, and the cost is from $50 to $250, according to the amount of work on it. A mermaid three and a half feet high costs $100. Eagles are less expensive. The prices for them range from $40 to $75. Figures have been known to last two hundred years, but the average life is twenty-five. If a thick coat of paint is kept on them they will last much longer than if neglected. The paint closes up the cracks, and prevents decay to a great extent. The figures are fastened to vessels' bows with bolts.

There are but four or five places in New York where figures are carved. The carver in the South Street shop said the business had nearly died out. He found plenty to do, however, executing fancy carving on yachts and other craft, and was well paid for it. Carving and scroll-work, he said, had taken the place of figure-heads almost entirely, and no vessel was launched without more or less of this work on it. The carver had thrown his hat over the head of a figure of Pickwick which stood near. It hung down over his left ear, and gave him a rather careless air. The old gentleman's hands were brought together under his coat tails, a fob hung from his watch pocket, his glasses were suspended from a cord around his neck, and he presented a very natural appearance.

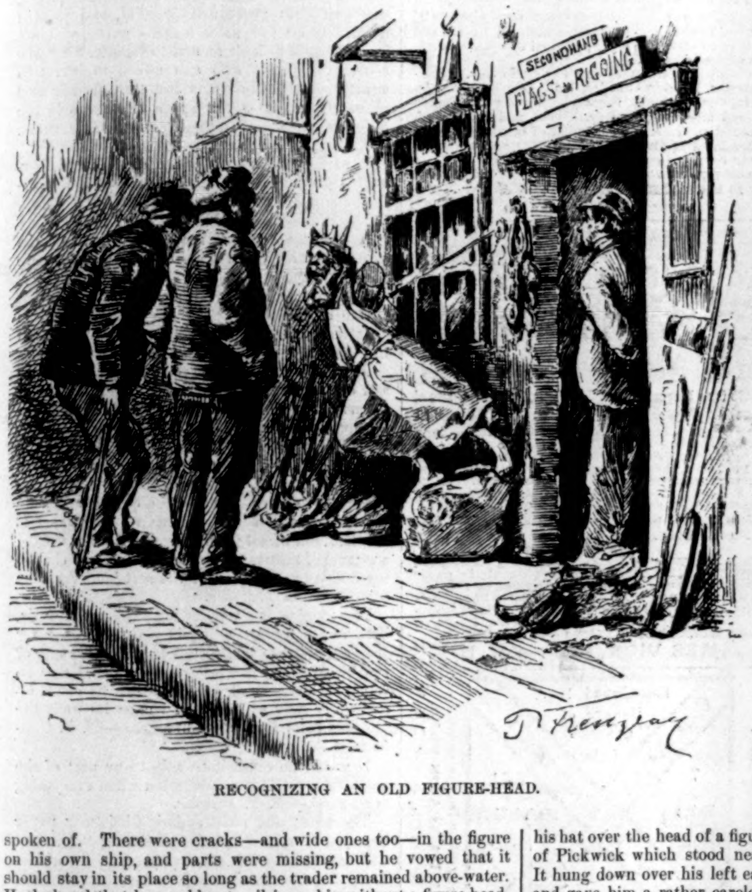
Cigar-store signs are a cheaper class of figures. The work on them is not fine, and one can usually be finished in a week. The cost runs from $25 to $75. There are a great many different styles of cigar signs. A "fly" figure is one with the arm extended, a "rose-bud" is a squaw with a rose-bud in her hand, and a "scout" is an Indian with the hand shading the eyes and looking away in the distance. The greatest demand is for Indian figures, although princes, princesses, negro, and other figures are cut. In a Canal Street shop there were the figures of an æsthetic young man with banged hair and a sunflower-and-lily air, Uncle Sam, Sambo, a clown, and Punch and Judy. The business of rejuvenating figures is about as large as that of making new ones. Old Jim Crow, a famous figure cut forty years ago by "Charley" Dodge—now dead and gone—was in the Canal Street shop for repairs not long ago. A new foot was put on, a missing ear supplied, a piece chipped out of the cheek was replaced, the hat was reconstructed, and Old Jim Crow emerged as good as new. The figure is now doing service in an up-town hotel.

One shop in New York made forty figures, costing from $25 to $100 each, for a circus last winter. They were figures of gods and goddesses, and beasts, birds, and reptiles, and were fastened on the golden chariots that appear in the street processions. When they are to be placed on the sides of chariots, half-figures are used, but when they are to be placed on the corners they are carved complete, and afterward cut out in the back to fit.

The carvers say they became carvers because they took naturally to the work. Most people have an idea that sailors do the carving, but this is not so. One New York carver developed his ideas and tastes at the Academy of Design. As a rule each man has a peculiar kind of work that he does. An old fellow called "Jersey Jim" cuts Punch exclusively.



HEROES OUT OF FASHION.



RECOGNIZING AN OLD FIGURE-HEAD.

TUG-BOAT DECORATION.

CARVER AT WORK.

THE PORTUGUESE—OLDEST FIGURE SIGN IN NEW YORK.

SANTA CLAUS AT THE FIVE POINTS.

A day or two before Christmas the children of the Five Points Mission School were gathered in the chapel at No. 63 Park Street to welcome a veritable Santa Claus. A great brick chimney had been erected in the end of the hall, and there were candles burning on the old-fashioned mantel-piece; boxes and barrels filled with clothing, toys, and sweetmeats were piled up on either side of the fire-place, and half a dozen great stock-

CIGAR AND TOBACCO SHOP SIGNS—PUTTING ON THE WAR-PAINT.

ings hung in the jamb. When a faint jingling of sleigh-bells was heard, the children all held their breath, and a moment later cries of "Whoa, there!" from the chimney intensified their excitement. Well repaid for all his trouble must the kindly gentleman have felt, masquerading in a great fur coat and white beard, as he sprang out of the fire-place and beheld the happy smiles on several hundred eager little faces. Wooden guns, fuzzy horses, dolls with blonde wigs and tarlatan dresses, boxes of blocks, boots, hats, toy monkeys, and everything a boy or girl could wish for on Christmas, rolled out of the bag this bogus Santa Claus set down upon the floor. Child after child was loaded down with toys and candies and pop-corn.

It was interesting to watch how tightly the little gifts were clasped by their new owners as they hurried away with their treasures. If one could have followed the children as their little feet went pattering down the steps and out into the rain that stormy night on the way to their wretched homes, he might have seen the less cheerful side of their lives. But let us hope that the Christmas-time made a difference, for once at least, and that as they climbed the dismal tenement stairs on their way to miserable garrets, as many of them did, there was a light for them on the last flight, and a fire on the hearth to warm them, and that no drunken father or mother whipped them and burned their pretty toys.

One large dry-goods case full of good things was contributed by the Sunday-school of the Methodist church at Westfield, New Jersey, of which Rev. WARREN HOAGLAND is pastor. There were a number of toys in the box, but for the most part the articles were of a more useful kind, consisting of various articles of warm clothing. One little boy gave his first boots, none the worse for wear, and just the thing for some poor child who otherwise would have run barefooted on the streets.

The mission is under the direction of Rev. S. I. FERGUSON. Good use can be made of anything suitable for adults or children, and contributors may be sure of having what they send judiciously distributed.

THE LAST COACH.

THE distant bells ring sweet and clear
To chime the requiem of the year—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
What sound breaks in
With brazen din?
"Mount, mount and ride, good people, go!"—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

Oh, look and see who rides so fast,
With foaming steeds and trumpet blast—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
The coach is filled,
More might be spilled.
"Nay, mount and ride, both friend and foe"—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

'Tis New-Year's Eve as on they sweep;
Is this the cheer fond hearts must keep?—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
With reckless heed,
On, on they speed,
And we must mount as if alone—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

Ring, ring for riders, pealing bells;
The trumpet homeward passage tells—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
The race is won
When sets the sun,
And each is gathered to his own—
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

THE MEANING OF IT.

IT has suddenly been discovered that the road to national prosperity and happiness is the abolition of the taxes on whiskey and tobacco. The discovery has been made simultaneously by certain prominent Republicans and by certain leading Democrats. Everybody has known for a long time that poverty, misery, and vice exist to a greater or less extent in our beloved land. There are men, women, and children who suffer from hunger; and in spite of the high rate of wages, the cost of living is so great that thousands find it difficult to procure the bare necessaries of life. Philanthropists have hitherto been unable to discover any method of rendering everybody happy and contented; but now we learn that free whiskey and free tobacco are all that are needed to bring about an immediate millennium.

If whiskey and tobacco are no longer taxed, the poor sewing-woman will be able to warm her room with whiskey and clothe herself with tobacco; and the same useful articles will supply the lack of blankets in the houses of day-laborers, and enable the ill-paid miners of Pennsylvania to present their wives with seal-skin cloaks and to educate their children. Dull people may be unable to see precisely how free whiskey and tobacco are to bring about these things, but there can be no doubt—so we are assured—that want and misery will either entirely cease or be very greatly lessened the moment whiskey and tobacco are made free. The demand for the abolition of the taxes on these articles may not have been put into words by everybody, but if we were to clearly express our unsatisfied longings we should all clamor for free whiskey and tobacco. It is free whiskey that the baby cries for who is erroneously supposed to be crying on account of hunger or pins; and the unhappy mother who is weeping, as she imagines, over the errors of an undutiful son, is really giving vent to a vague longing for free tobacco.

It will undoubtedly seem rather odd to many people that this universal longing for free whiskey and tobacco should have been hitherto unsuspected, and that free whiskey and tobacco should be represented as the panacea for all earthly evils. What is also odd is the remarkable coincidence that the statesmen who propose to abolish the whiskey and tobacco taxes are earnest advocates of protection. They point out that the amount of the surplus revenue of the United States is very nearly the same as the amount of revenue derived from taxes on whiskey and tobacco, and they assure us the lesson to be drawn from this fact is that the whiskey and tobacco taxes are unnecessary, and should therefore be abolished.

But if those taxes are abolished, there will be no surplus revenue, and hence the duties on imports can not be reduced. When wrong-headed men who fancy that cheap blankets and cheap steel rails are desirable ask for a reduction in the duties on those articles, they will be met by the answer that the reduction will cause a deficit in the national budget. If the whiskey and tobacco taxes are retained, the import duties can be reduced to the extent of more than a million of dollars annually, and we shall still have a surplus. If they are abolished, no reduction of any consequence of the import duties can be made.

The effort in behalf of free whiskey and free tobacco is simply a trick in the interests of protection. The protectionists perceive that the day is approaching when they will no longer be able to induce people to believe that it is cheaper to pay two dollars for a blanket than to pay one dollar for it, or that the tax on steel rails, which is virtually levied on every man who uses an American railway, benefits any one except the American manufacturer of steel rails. To maintain these duties, in the face of the fact that the annual receipts of the government are vastly in excess of its expenditures, will soon be impossible. To prevent a surplus by removing the taxes on whiskey and tobacco is therefore a necessity if a tariff for protection is to be retained. Free whiskey and free tobacco mean dear blankets and dear steel rails. When the facts are placed before the people, it will not take them long to decide whether the national revenue should be raised by taxing whiskey and tobacco or by taxing the necessaries of life.

W. L. A.

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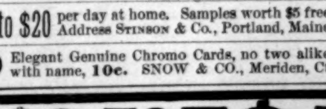

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